THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIV. NO. 4. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1895.—FOURTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

"BARNEY MAGLONE."

The Reliques of Robert A. Wilson—A Collection Made of the Poems of the Gifted Journalist.

Some Account of His Early Life and Writings Both in Ireland and America.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

The older heads among our readers, especially if they came from the Province of Ulster, cannot yet have forgotten the humorous productions which appeared in the Irish papers from time to time over the signature of "Barney Maglone." They cannot fail to remember with what pleasure they and other readers of rhe papers turned to the column where Barney aired his characteristic views in his racy letters: "To My Cousin in Amerikey," or "Notions of Things," while the news of the day came in for later inspection. At the present time a publication of these sketches would be out of the question; they were usually local, or dealing with the events of the day, and there would be no interest in them for the general reader. His poems, however, will be read with pleasure by not only the people who read his sketches in their youth, but by Irish men and women who never before heard of "Barney Maglone."

Comparatively little has been collected relative to the life of Robert A. Wilson. He was born about 1820 at Dunfanaghy in the county Donegal, where his father was a coast-guard. His mother, a highly educated woman, assisted him in his studies and he was sent to Raymonterdoney school, it being the height of her ambition to see him a Presbyterian minister.

In D. J. O'Donoghue's "Poets of Ireland," we find the following account of him: "He left home in early youth and became a schoolteacher at Ballycastle, county Antrim, for a short time. He next went to America and commenced a journalistic career by writing for the press. In 1847 he returned to Ireland and joined the staff of an Enniskillen paper, proceeding afterwards to Dublin where he became sub-editor of the *Nation* under Charles Gavan Duffy. After a time he again went to Enniskillen where he wrote for the *Imperial Reporter*, and edited the *Advertiser* of that town, and later the Fermanagh *Mail*. In 1865 he went to Belfast and made the *Morning News* a very popular journal by his amusing "Letters to My Cousin in Amerikey," writing generally over the name of "Barney Maglone" and sometimes signing his pieces 'Erin Oge.' He was thoroughly versed in Gaelic and frequently made use of phrases in that language. He wrote a humorous dialect that was highly appreciated all over Ulster. He contributed to the Derry *Journal* and other papers and in 1871 brought out in London an 'Almeynack for all Ireland, an' Whoever Else Wants It," which contained some of his best verse. He led a somewhat dissipated life and dressed in an eccentric manner. His drinking habits caused his death, which took place on Aug. 10, 1875, in Dublin, where he had been attending the O'Connell centenary. He was buried in Belfast Borough Cemetery on the 12th, in the presence of a great concourse of people, and a monument has been erected over his grave by his numerous admirers."

Recently a movement has been inaugurated to preserve his poems, with the result that two Belfast men, F. J. Biggar and John S. Crone, have collected and edited a volume of them. T. Griffin O'Donoghue, a well known book publisher and dealer in all kinds of Irish works, of No. 1 Killeen road, Rathmines, county Dublin, undertook the publication of the poems and has issued a neat little volume containing all the best of the eccentric journalist's poetical works. The collection is prefaced by a memoir of the poet written by D. J. O'Donoghue, the talented young biographer and antiquarian, a brother of the publisher.

It would be sheer folly to class Wilson among the great Irish poets, yet there is a spirit in many of his poems that shows that he has the genius of a true poet and in a couple of them he rises to a really great height. As a general thing he trifled too much. He wrote things which were things of an hour, made up to please the people of the day, perhaps under pressure, but he also wrote many things which should be included in all representative collections of Irish song. There are several very good national songs in the collection, one of the sweetest is "Love of Erin"—

Of all the lands beneath the sun
Old Ireland is the dearest one.
My green-robed, meek-eyed mother,
And though there's trouble on her now,
Though pain and sorrow mark her brow,
Where is there such another!

I love each hill and flowery dale
That decks my own dear Innisfail;
I love her sparkling waters;
I love her ruins, grey and old,
I love her sons so true and bold,
And—don't I love her daughters!

While one must laugh at the humor in the second verse of the song, the fatal triviality of the poet here mars the merit of the song as a national poem; had he continued in the same strain as that in which he began, Wilson would have left a gem behind him. In his poem, "The Cottage of Tyrone," we find a more serious vein and the poem is not injured by the lightness he so often displays. Here he speaks of the deserted cot, and asks where the occupants have gone; it is a wholesome sermon on emigration.

Another serious fault in Wilson's poems is his use of Irish phrases. He makes a very free use of the Gaelic in many of the poems with the result that foot-notes are necessary in at least half of the lyrics. Although well versed in the vernacular, Wilson has left few translations behind him. One song from the Gaelic is given in the collection, entitled "The Maiden":

The maiden stands beneath the oak,
High monarch of the rustling grove,
Her hand of snow in her locks of gold,
Her eye soft rolling on her love.

He sings beside her, in his song
Her leaping heart with rapture thrills,
From eye to eye the lovelight flies,
The deer stand listening on the hills.

The song has ceased; close to his breast
Her bosom pants, with rapture glows;
And from her mouth his lips brush off
The freshness of the untouched rose.

Probably the prettiest thing in the whole volume is a single little breath of poetry, entitled "Fair She Is":

Fair she is as a summer morning,
Sweet as the hawthorn's soft perfume,
Pure as the dewdrops the fields adorning,
Bright as the rose in its virgin bloom.
O she's the star on my life-path shining—
Shining ever with ray divine,
O she's the tendrit of sweet hope twining
Closely round this fond heart of mine.

It was a very strange act for a man so deeply in the toils of the liquor habit as Wilson is said to have been to write two exceedingly strong temperance songs; indeed they can be surpassed by few on the subject in the language. His "A Glass of Water" is as enthusiastic in its tone as though he had been an ardent disciple of Father Mathew and a sworn enemy to all intoxicants. A weirder, sterner air hangs over the "Irish Cry":

There's a wail from the glen;
There's a groan from the hill;
'Tis the cry of the land
'Gainst the Fiend of the Still!
'Tis the caoine of Erin—
The caoine so dread
That swells for the living
And not for the dead.

The living—the smitten—
The blasted—the seared—
The souls by the slime of
The drink-snake besmeared.
From the home on the upland
The hut in the vale,
From hamlet and city
Is bursting the wail.

'Tis the sob of the wife;
'Tis the moan of the child,
'Tis the groan of a nation
By bloodshed defiled.
From the heart of the orphan
It pierces the air;
It bursts from the widow's
White lips of despair.

It moans from the roofless
Untenanted walls;
And gurgling and choked
From the gallows it falls!
It sobs o'er the grave
Where the drunkard is laid
It shrieks from the soul
Of the maiden betrayed.

It bursts from the poorhouse,
The madhouse, the jail,
This woeful—despairing—
Wide—wild—Irish wail!
Up! children of Erin,
Respond to the cry
For man's sake—or God's sake—
Up! act in reply!

For the sake of the semi-smitten
Slave of the cup—
For the sake of his victims—
Up! countrymen, up!
By the hell in his heart
And the hell that he fears;
By his wife and his children—
Their tortures and tears—

Up! act! nor be backward
With heart, voice or hand,
Till the kingfiend of curses
Is swept from our land.
Heave up the old land
Into daylight again,
The smiled on by Heaven—
A praise among men.

Wring the curse from her heart—
Wipe the stain from her sod;
Roll her out among nations
An island of God.

This is surely a great poem. Though Wilson lacked the polish and the technique of a great poem-writer, there was a spirit lurking in most of his verses that amply made up for mechanical or scientific deficiency in their construction. After all, is not the outpouring of the heart, as in the "Irish Cry," the very soul of poetry? Had Wilson written nothing but the above poem it should alone entitle him to a place among the poets of the country he loved. He will always be better known by his humor, for in that he excelled. In "Barney Maglone's Reliques," as the little collection is called, there are many of his best humorous selections. "Barney Maglone's Apostrophe to the Latest Bonnet" is a very funny piece of rhyming. After descanting in no humble terms on the loveliness of the female sex and their attire, he comes to the subject of his lay:

An' not to mintion
That quare invintion
Of small extinsion
Above the brow.
Had I a sonnet
I'd sing it on it,
That porty bonnet
They're wearin' now.

Och! surely this is
Contrived for kisses—
The balmy blisses
A lover sips.
The dhroll wee threasure
Jist fits the pleasure
When fond ones measure
Two pairs of lips.

Were I Layandher
That sallymandher
Through waves and wind,
I'd sing these wilers.
These heart beguilers,
Called womankind.

The poem is too long to give in its entirety, but the balance of it is quite as comical in construction and sentiment. One of the cleverest in all the volume is "It's Aisy to be Smiling":

It's aisy to be smiling with no bother at your heart,
But if you had my share, aroon, you wouldn't look so smart,
Acushla's gra gal m'anam.* Och! you wouldn't think it fun
If you were me, and I were you—except we both were one.

It's not that I would wish you pain, tho' throgs you are, agra,
The dearest botheration that I ever felt or saw—
For when I should be sleeping, och, it's thinking that I do,
And when I should be waking, sure I'm dhraming about you.

Then, since my days and nights are lost, sweet torment, for your sake,
It's not too much to ask you now to keep awhile awake.
So never mind your bed, aroon, its safe enough this while—
But as we have no moon tonight, stay where you are and smile.

For though you're not a moon by thrade I'll trust to you for light,
And ax no better guide through life—so just begin tonight.
An' darlin', you'll be proud to find how aisy led I'll be,
While you keep shining down on me *reult anam gal mochree.*†

Messrs. Bigger and Crone are to be complimented on the good work they have done in rescuing the works of Wilson from utter oblivion. They deserve the thanks of the race for the good example they have set. We have a large number of poets who are comparatively unknown to the world and will be completely so in a few years unless some one undertakes the task of collecting and publishing the remains of their work. The volume compiled by these two men is a grander monument to the memory of the popular and lamented journalist than the stone placed over him in the Belfast cemetery. Few will see the stone; the world will read the book.

* Pulse and bright love of my soul.
† Pure bright star of my heart.

HYMENEAL.

MURPHY–NELSON.

The marriage of Miss Katherine M. Murphy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy, of No. 450 LaSalle avenue, and Nicholas J. Nelson, was brilliantly solemnized last Wednesday evening at the Cathedral of the Holy Name. The church was ablaze with lights and the altar adorned with many white blossoms. The music of Lohengrin sounded from the organ as the bride approached the altar.

The bridal cortege was led by the ushers, William Clowry, Henry Grannis, Eugene Keeley, Owen Trainor, Thomas Wade, Daniel Gallagher, Ferdinand Goss and Daniel Murphy, Jr. The bride was escorted by her father and directly preceded by her maid of honor, Miss Helen Murphy. The bridesmaids were: Misses Julia Murphy, Jessica Duncan, of Burlington, Iowa; Nora Hurley, Martha Gallery and Angeline Lynch. The ceremony was performed by Rev. P. F. Fitzsimmons, rector of the cathedral, assisted by Rev. P. J. Agnew and Rev. Father McGuire. The groom, with his best man, John Nelson, met the bride at the altar. During the impressive ceremony Correner's "Ave Maria Stella" was beautifully sung by Mme. Guthrie-Moyer.

The bride wore a gown of exquisite white satin duchesse, with garniture of point lace and pearls. The veil of tulle was held with an ornament of diamonds, the groom's gift, and a white prayer book was held. The bride's attendants were all attired alike in yellow silk veiled in white chiffon, and they carried yellow roses. Big hats of white, trimmed with snowy plumes, completed the toilets. After the ceremony the bridal party proceeded to the residence of the bride's parents, where a reception for relatives was held. The house was decorated with palms and flowers and Smiley served the supper. The table was in pink. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson have gone East. They will be at home Wednesdays, April 3 and 17, at No. 3433 Wabash avenue. Over 600 invitations were issued for the church and the assemblage of guests was a large one.

Before a Full Head of Steam

Is gathered by that tremendously destructive engine, malaria, put on the brakes with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will check its progress and avert disaster. Chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake are promptly relieved and ultimately cured by this genial specific, which is also a comprehensive family medicine, speedily useful in cases of dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, sick headache, nervousness, rheumatism and neuralgia. Against the hurtful effects of sudden changes of temperature, exposure in wet weather, close application to laborious mental pursuits, and other influences prejudicial to health, it is a most trustworthy safeguard. It fortifies the system against disease, promotes appetite and sleep, and fastens convalescence after debilitating and flesh wasting diseases.

SACRED HEART REUNION.

Interesting Exercises of the Alumnæ Institute at the West Taylor Street Academy of the Order.

A Splendid Programme Most Pleasingly Rendered—Those Who Were Present.

The initial entertainment of the Alumnæ Institute of the Sacred Heart was given last Saturday afternoon at the academy on West Taylor street, says the *Herald* of Sunday last. Several unique features marked the programme and the occasion was a distinct success throughout. The Alumnæ Institute was organized a few months ago, its original membership being made up of the graduates of the convents of the Sacred Heart at home and abroad. From the beginning such a degree of interest was evinced in the organization that its rolls were extended to include past pupils of the Sacred Heart order, whether graduates or not. To Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, rich in scholarly gifts, and the honored president of the institute, is due the inception of the organization which bands together for general culture both Catholic and non-Catholic women, whose educations have been received wholly or in part under the gentle, competent direction of the sisters of the Sacred Heart. To Mrs. Sullivan's genius for organization and executive ability may be attributed the wonderful success of Saturday's programme, which was given in a manner closely approaching perfection. The institute is the first organization of the kind in the world, although the convents of the Sacred Heart order are to be found everywhere on the globe except, perhaps, in the distant cities of Asia. The daughters of the European nobility have for over a century received their educations in the Sacred Heart convents, and in Cairo, South America, Central America and the United States hundreds of women high in literary, musical and society circles are proud to wear the cross-shaped golden medal which proclaims them Sacred Heart graduates.

The audience which gathered in the assembly hall of the academy was a large one, and the kindly faces of two score and more members of the Sacred Heart order were there to inspire girls of yesterdays long gone, and some a trifle nearer, to splendid performance. The audience had a background of palms and colored lights, and bunting with the Papal colors and the Stars and Stripes harmoniously interningled. Then up in a high loft at the rear of the hall was a quiet but absorbed supplement to the main audience. A group of coming graduates of the Sacred Heart in black uniforms crossed on the shoulders by wide ribbons of blue. This supplement stayed until the last number was given and the last souvenir medal in shining silver had been presented by the mother superior, Mme. Vandyke, to each of those present.

The opening number on the programme was a brilliant piano solo by Miss Margaret Denison. Then there were essays by Misses Mary J. Onahan and Kathryn Prindiville, and musical numbers by Miss Cecilia Cudahy, Mrs. Rudolph Ortman and Miss Mary Burke. The subject of the president's address was "A New Epoch With a New Century." It was a masterly effort, and Mrs. Sullivan was frequently interrupted by applause. At its close a lovely floral tribute in the shape of an enormous cluster of roses was presented to the speaker.

One of the pleasing features of the programme was the choral, "Holy God," given under the direction of Mrs. C. P. Monahan, by a choir of twelve young women, accompanied by an orchestra, including organ, piano, harps, violins, guitars and mandolins. Following is the programme in full:

Adelaide Mary Walsh, mistress of ceremonies.
Solo—Piano, "Harcarolle" ..... R. Nevin
"Petite Mazurka" ..... Sapellnikoff
Margaret Elizabeth Denison.
Mother Duchesne Reading Circle Essay
"An Incident in Old Bologna"
Mary Josephine Onahan.
Solo—"Chanson de Noel" ..... Adam
Mary Lonergan Burke.
Venerable Mother Barat Reading Circle Essay ..... "The Reading Circles"
Kathryn Prindiville.
Duet—Harp and Violin .....
Cecilia Cudahy, Blanche Sellers Ortmann
The President's Address, "A New Epoch With a New Century" ..... Margaret F. Sullivan
The Choral ..... "Holy God"
Director, Maria Agnew Monahan.

The orchestra—Organ, Mary Hancock Allen; piano, Marguerite Prindiville; harps, Cecilia Cudahy, Mary Mildred Cavanagh; violins, Blanche Sellers, Ostmann, Edith Elizabeth Allen, Mary Gertrude Bremner, Annette Kolbach; guitars, Theresa Mullaney, Marie Kreer, Genevieve Amelia Amberg; mandolins, Agnes Mullaney, Marie Inderrieden, Alice Quan, Cora Prindiville, Lydia Theresa Donoghue.

The choir—Mary Lonergan Burke, Margaret Elizabeth Denison, Julia Garvey, Mary Elizabeth Kerwin, Martha Regina Gallery, Genevieve Marie Longevin, Agnes Genevieve Lynch, Maria Agnew Monahan, Mary Josephine Onahan, Kathryn Prindiville, Mary Adelaide Walsh, Annie Rebecca Walsh. Presentation of members to the mother superior. Incidental music on the organ.

An informal reception followed the programme in one of the large rooms of the main floor. Refreshments were served in an adjoining apartment by Kinsley, the table being embellished with yellow roses and sashes of yellow satin ribbon. To Mrs. William A. Amberg, the vice-president of the institute, must be accredited the delightful social aspect which the latter half of the entertainment presented. Among those present were: Mesdames W. A. Amberg, J. C. Carroll, C. P. Monaghan, P. J. Grraghty, August Rietz, J. D. Thompson, Paul Boyton, Edwards Corse, J. J. McCarthy, R. J. Piper, J. J. Gallery, C. T. Whitgreave, W. K. Carlisle, M. J. Naghten, R. P. Gormully, L. A. Prindiville, C. F. Smith and J. Nischmeyer. Misses Edith E. Allen, Mary A. Amberg, Mary L. Burke, Julia Garvey, Fannie Graham, Mary Hamill, Isabel Palmer, K. Prindiville, Mary Carney, Sarah Carroll, M. C. Schieble, A. G. Lynch, Mary H. Allen, M. G. Bremner, Mazie Byrne, S. G. Gaynor, Nettie Grus, M. Inderrieden, C. Prindiville, M. Prindiville, Sarah Carney, M. Cavanaugh, G. V. Corneau, T. F. Lynch, G. A. Amberg, L. M. Brennan, M. Canfield, Mary Gilman, K. Hamill, G. M. Longevin, I. Prindiville, Alice Quan, Mary Carroll, M. A. Coleman, Mary Croake, L. McCarthy, Mary McGinnis, K. J. McMullen, Alice Ratty, Josephine Mack, Kate Scanlan, Cecilia Cudahy, J. C. Doniat, Margaret Egan, Mrs. G. P. English, Mary R. Gallery, T. Mullaney, Mary O'Connell, K. T. Wade, Annie R. Ward, Mary C. Wilson, M. A. McGuire, H. McTerney, Mary V. Martin, Bertha Reedy, K. T. Sharkey, M. E. Denison, Thecla Doniat, Sarah Egan, J. Fortune, Alice E. Moran, Alice Mulligan, Mary J. Onahan, E. M. Wade, M. A. Weadley, M. McLaughlin, Mary T. McVey, B. G. Quinlan, Mary A. Sawyer, A. M. Sheehan, Agnes C. Doniat, L. T. Donoghue, Lulu M. English, M. R. Gallery, Agnes Mullaney, Annie Murphy, Mary Tyrrell, A. M. Walsh, N. M. Weadley.

Miss Mary V. Martin is a guest pursuing reading circle studies.

NEBRASKA IRISHMEN.

Pass Resolutions on the Death of the Hon. John Fitzgerald.

[*To the Editor.*]

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 16.—The Irish-American citizens of this city desire publication of the enclosed resolutions, and have directed me to ask space in your patriotic paper.

JAMES FARRELL, Sec.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst, by death, our greatly esteemed and universally respected friend and fellow townsman, the Hon. John Fitzgerald; and

WHEREAS, In his death Ireland loses one of her most faithful and devoted sons, America one of the most loyal and patriotic of the adopted children of the Republic, and Nebraska one of its most favored, enterprising, and substantial citizens; and

WHEREAS, The three great, practical and conspicuous characteristics of his life, were his love of God, love of country, and love of his neighbor, wherein he exemplified the practical virtues of religion, in his imperishable and indestructible attachment and devotion to the Catholic faith, with enmity toward none, and charity for all, he accorded every man the inalienable right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. Towards his fellow men he practiced charity in its broadest sense, for in his distribution of the same he distinguished no race, no creed, no nationality. Humanity was the circumscribed limit of his generosity and he sought no witness but Heaven, and no approval but his conscience and his God. An intense and ardent lover of his native land, to whose constitutional liberties he consecrated his whole life, and gave magnificently and liberally of his means, yet his first devotion was to that starry banner whose galaxy of stars has (as he often expressed it) shed the light of Liberty over the nations of the earth. And

WHEREAS, It is eminently proper that we, his Irish-American friends of the city of Lincoln, should give public expression of our high regards for our deceased friend. Therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of John Fitzgerald the cause of home rule for Ireland loses one of its most valiant champions, one of its most aggressive trans-Atlantic leaders, and one of its most liberal contributors during a long and tedious struggle for National Independence, for, while he was president of the Irish National League of America, during one of the greatest agitations for human liberty of modern times, he was instrumental in winning the moral and material support of the liberty-loving sons of America, and thereby influencing the greatest of British statesmen to become an ardent and consistent home ruler.

Resolved, That in the death of John Fitzgerald, the great West, and Nebraska especially, suffers the loss of one of its most enterprising and energetic business men. The great American highways which gird the continent from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains, are among his achievements, and will be enduring monuments to his indomitable energy and enterprise, as well as a fitting demonstration, illustrating what the Irishman can accomplish under a free and popular government. And further we recognize in the great religious and scholastic institutions which he aided and established, fitting temples wherein his name and memory will be cherished and perpetuated by future generations.

Resolved, That while we bow in solemn obedience to the Divine decree, and though the millions of Ireland's sons and daughters may gather in spirit, and shed tears of sorrow over his hallowed grave, yet we are all consoled with that rich inheritance, that imperishable legacy, which the morality, patriotism and virtues of his life bequeathes to his race and to posterity.

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved and grief-stricken wife, to the children, now deprived of a noble and honorable father, to the brother who will miss his wise counsels, our profound sympathy in their hour of sorrow and affliction, and further that copies of these resolutions be presented to the family of deceased, and that they be given to the American and Irish press for publication.

Committee: William McLaughlin, J. J. Butler, T. F. Britt, Dennis Merriman, Patrick McGear; secretary, James Farrell.

PHILO-CELTIC ASSOCIATION.

The downpour of rain last Sunday was not very successful in putting a "damper" on the ardor of the crowd of Irish girls and boys who throng to Room 35, City Hall, every Sunday afternoon to regenerate once more the language that has been almost dead to their people for centuries. Such a day as last Sunday may be well regarded as a severe test of their earnestness and zeal in the grand work, and as a test it has given most satisfactory results. One could not help admiring the determination expressed on every face, while at the same time sympathizing with the fair colleens on the condition of their beautiful costumes and the disarrangement of their pretty bangs. The high collars and neatly-pressed trousers of the patriotic young men were also sadly out of place on such a typical Chicago afternoon.

But it was a voluntary sacrifice, and when, after the cessation of the time devoted to study, President Holden called the meeting to order, there was an air of brightness—a regular atmosphere of good-nature throughout the spacious rooms. In the absence of the recording secretary, the chair appointed John J. Sherlock to act as secretary pro tem.

Mr. William Raleigh announced to the meeting that he was in receipt of a letter from Rev. Father O'Growney, professor of Gaelic in Maynooth College, asking for the photographs of the principal Gaelic teachers in Chicago, and of those taking a prominent part in the promotion of the Gaelic movement. The matter will be fully discussed at a later meeting.

The executive committee reported that a Gaelic class had been started in the Nativity parish, and another in St. Patrick's. This is an evening class, and the prospects of others being started in the immediate future in other parishes are very encouraging. A report from Mr. Flannery stating that a class was about to be started in Streator, Ill., was received with loud applause. Mr. Kelly, the well known and proficient Irish scholar of the Holy Name parish, hoped the committee would soon have a class at work in his locality, as he felt certain it would be taken advantage of by many whose work or other causes debar from attending on Sundays at the City Hall. Action in the matter will soon be taken by the executive committee, who are invested with full authority regarding extension of liberties to parish classes. Those at present engaged on Sundays in the capacity of teachers, and others who are versed in the Gaelic language, are requested to make arrangements for the conducting of local evening classes in their respective districts.

A meeting of the executive committee was appointed to be held at Mr. Raleigh's, 735 Canalport avenue, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 23, to make arrangements for the proposed reception to be given Father O'Growney, on his return through Chicago from California, where he is at present for the benefit of his health.

On motion of Dr. J. C. Wilson, seconded by Mr. M. O'Gallagher, a resolution was carried, to the effect that the Chicago papers of Irish sentiment print a lesson in Irish in every issue. Mr. Raleigh moved that lessons from Father O'Growney's Irish books be reproduced in THE CITIZEN, the *New World*, and the *Young Irishman*. Mr. H. J. Hill seconded the motion, which was unanimously carried. The same gentlemen also moved and seconded that the chair appoint a committee to wait on the editors of the above named papers regarding the matter. The following were appointed to act: Messers. Raleigh, M. O'Gallagher and Dr. Wilson, power being given them to add to their number.

The usual termination to the meetings previous to the collection of dues, namely: that of learning a common phrase in Irish, resulted in everyone mastering the very useful one of "Please pass the potatoes." Of course there are various renditions of this in English as well as in Irish.

Even the modest monthly dues of 10 cents caused the treasurer, Mr. J. J. Hanrahan, to secure an escort to the street-cars, so many dimes were forthcoming. With greatly increased stores of knowledge, the members separated until next Sunday at 2 p.m.; Room 35, City Hall. Tuition free!

JOHN J. SHERLOCK, Sec. Pro Tem.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

White Star Line.

The Majestic arrived at New York on Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 1 a.m.

The Teutonic arrived at Queenstown Jan. 23 at 4 a.m.

STRIKE NOT ENDED.

Brooklyn a Scene of Blood and Turbulence.

MILITIA AT LAST RESORTS TO LEAD.

Nearly 9,000 Troops and Policemen Do an All Day Task of Resisting the Violence and Matters Are Not Improved at the Day's Close—Two Hundred Miles of Car Lines To Be Guarded.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 22.—Violence and bloodshed constituted the record of the eighth day of the electric street railway operatives' strike. Three militiamen are in hospitals with broken heads, two having suffered at the hands of riotous men and women, while the third was the victim of his own carelessness, having fallen out of a second-story window. A score or more policemen are suffering from bullet-wounds or contusions of the head and body, disabling them for the time being. To what extent the strikers have suffered cannot be conjectured. If they escaped punishment it was not the fault of the militiamen, who, in accordance with orders, fired as directly at their assailants as a dense fog, which completely hid objects at thirty yards' distance, would permit.

Seven Thousand Guardsmen on Duty.

Seven thousand national guardsmen and fifteen or sixteen hundred policemen have not been strong enough to make the resumption of the street railway traffic in Brooklyn practicable. In fact the gain over the last Saturday is scarcely perceptible. The calling out of the First brigade, composed of New York city regiments, has seemed eather to add to the tension than to bring a solution of the difficulties. The task of restoring peace and order along nearly 200 miles of street car line is a vast one. The new levy numbered not far from 4,000 men. They were moved across the great bridge early in the day.

Jeered at and Guyed by the Mobs.

The various companies went by elevated trains wherever it was possible to the points where they had been ordered. Generally speaking the greetings they met with on the streets were far from friendly. Boys guyed and men jeered them as they passed the sections inhabited by laboring people. The elements which early in the day were suspicious soon took on an unfriendly aspect.

Fighting Rioters in a Fog.

A Scotch mist settled down on all the city, increasing in density as the evening approached, and added to the difficulties which attended the carrying out of the announced intention of the street car lines upon lines not operated since the strike was declared. Such attempts in this direction as were made were futile. A car started from the Ridgewood station of the Brooklyn Heights company a little after 5 o'clock, and was assailed with volleys of stones and bricks from windows and vacant lots before it had proceeded far on its way down town.

The Rifle Lets Loose at Last.

A private soldier was struck in the head with a stone and disabled. The officer in command ordered his men to shoot and two volleys were fired in the direction of the rioters who, however, were obscured by the dense fog. About 250 bullets were sent shrieking in search of victims, but how many, if any, of them found human targets cannot at present be determined. The militiamen's orders were if they shot it would be to kill. Policemen also did some shooting at this point, with what effect is as uncertain as in the case of the militiamen.

New Employes Desert the Company.

The great number of new employes of Brooklyn City Railroad company which were taken to the Ridgewood avenue stable have deserted and joined the strikers, and there is not a single man in the stables who can operate the cars which the railroad company announce they will send out this morning. The strikers succeeded in winning the men over and are taking care of them.

As far as known there were twenty-one persons hurt during the day. Of these one was hurt by falling out of window—a soldier; eight were policemen; five were soldiers of whom one will probably die; two were street car employes; three, one a woman, were passengers and three were unknown men, one of whom will probably die. How many, if any, of the rioters were hurt in the fusillades of bullets is not yet known.

DISASTER AT BUTTE.

Awful Loss of Life Caused by Explosion at a Fire.

BUTTE, Mont., Jan. 16.—Fire started last night in the Royal Milling company's warehouse in the Montana Central yards, and spread to the Kenyon-Cornell warehouse in which was stored several carloads of giant powder. Just as the firemen were closing around the blaze an explosion occurred, killing a number of firemen and spectators and maiming many others. The firemen who had escaped immediately rallied, and were beginning another attack when a second explosion, more violent than the first, took place. The people in the vicinity were mowed down as with a great scythe, and the streets for half a block around looked like a great battlefield.

The following is the list of the dead identified: Charles Alson, George McDonald, Charles Guttenburg, Conseague Barns, George Galbraith, J. J. McHale, Professor Robinson, John J. Enright, C. E. Tracey, Matt Grosser, Officer Fred Cranbeck, James O'Leary, Albert Goddard, William Pierce, —— Foster, Mike Mead, George Wilton, William Smith (colored), J. B. Miller, Fred Bowman, Mike Deagle, George Holloway, —— Bailey, Alexander Williams, W. H. Nolan, Charles Hansen, Elmer Green, Ed Sloan, Alexander Cady, John Morgan, S. D. Delongery, A. D. Cameron, John Sloane, Samuel Ash, Dave Moses, George Fifer, Peter Norlin, William McGee, John Fudge, Ole Olsern.

Judge Ricks to Explain Things.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—At the meeting of the judiciary committee of the house the friends of Judge Ricks made a minority report exonerating him from all moral turpitude, but could not get it adopted. They did, however, succeed in adopting a resolution inviting the judge and his enemies to appear before the committee with witnesses and counsel, which reopens the case, and Bailey says makes a decision impossible this session.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

Proceedings of the National Lawmakers in Both Houses.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—After a debate covering a week the senate voted down Hill's proposition to refer the legality of the income tax to the courts only five senators joing with Hill in supporting the proposition. An amendment was adopted limiting the questions the tax officers may ask and the appropriation was agreed to. The deficiency appropriation bill was then passed. The vote on Hill's amendment to the deficiency bill was on sustaining the chair which had declared it out of order. The only votes against the chair were Dubois, Davis, Mitchell of Oregon, Hill, Quay and Pettigrew.

In the house McGann wanted to pass a resolution to increase the pay of printers in the government office to 50 cents an hour, but Sayers objected. Two condemned cannon were donated to Chelsea, Mich., and several bills of no particular importance were passed. The Indian appropriation bill was taken up and precipitated a long political argument on pretty near every subject on the list. No action was taken.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—In the senate Sherman presented an emergency currency bill to meet treasury deficiencies, and Pugh offered a measure in the same line. Sherman's bill authorizes the secretary of the treasury to issue bonds to maintain redemption or pay current expenses, bearing 3 per cent. interest and redeemable in five years, or in lieu of the bonds 3 per cent. coin certificates in denominations of from $5 to $100 redeemable in five years; national banks to be permitted to issue circulating notes up to the par value of their deposited bonds. Pugh's bill authorizes the immediate issue of $100,000,000 in greenbacks, redeemable in "coin" and to be constantly reissued, together with the coinage of the seigniorage. The rest of the day was devoted to the pension and army bills. The first was passed with amendments making the lowest rate for pensionable disability $6 per month and repealing the law cutting off non-resident pensioners. The army appropriation was still pending at adjournment.

The day in the house was again devoted to the Indian appropriation bill and fair progress was made. A number of amendments were adopted, the most important being to pay to the Cherokee Nation $1,660,000. An amendment by Pickler to discontinue the services of army officers as Indian agents was ruled out of order.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19. — The senate passed the army appropriation bill which in effect makes General Schofield a lieutenant general, the rank held by Generals Sherman and Sheridan. The balance of the day was given to debate on the Nicaragua canal bill.

The house passed a bill making a portion of the appropriation for the St. Joseph (Mich.) harbor available to complete the connection between St. Joseph and Benton Harbor. The Indian appropriation bill was discussed without action and an evening session was held to consider pension bills.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—Frye offered a resolution in the senate as soon as it came to order expressing the "indignation" of the senate at the attempt of the Hawaiian natives to reenthrone the queen, and in a speech declared the administration responsible for it. Objection was made to consideration by George of Mississippi, and it went over. The debate lasted until the time set apart for eulogies on the late Senator Vance arrived, and after the eulogies were pronounced the senate adjourned.

In the house Boutelle introduced a resolution of sympathy with the Hawaiian government, and expressing it as the sense of the house that a warship should be sent there to look after American interests. He proceeded to speak and was cut off by the hour arriving for eulogies on the late Representative Lyle, of Kentucky. Hitt offered a similar resolution, together with one urging steps for an American cable to Honolulu. The Indian appropriation bill was considered without action. The senate amendments to the pension bill were disagreed to. The vacancies on the rules and ways and means committees caused by Burrows' election to the senate were filled by the appointment of Cannon of Illinois and Grosvenor respectively. Burrows was given a round of applause when he entered the chamber. Eulogies were pronounced on the late Representative Lyle and the house adjourned as a further mark of respect.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22. — The senate again gave its attention to the Hawaiian question. Lodge added one more to the large number of Hawaiian resolutions already piled up on the presiding officer's desk. Frye sought to secure action on his Hawaii resolution, and a sharp debate followed. When it ended United States business was taken up and the fortification bill was passed, while the conference report on the deficiency bill was agreed to. An executive session was held. It was decided to vote on the Nicaragua canal bill next Friday.

The house had no less than three Hawaii resolutions introduced. Breckinridge of Kentucky introduced two—favoring annexation and offering congratulations to both Hawaii and France. Storer wanted information whether the row in Hawaii was caused by British subjects. Seven public buildings were authorized, one at Chicago to cost $4,000,000 and one at South Omaha to cost $200,000. Neither bill carries an appropriation, that clause being stricken out. Boutelle again wanted his Hawaiian resolution passed and failed. Richardson was made speaker pro tem.

CASE OF JUDGE RICKS.

Claim That the Committee Will Reverse Its Recent Action.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—The case of Judge Ricks, of Ohio, will come up before the judiciary committee again. Two members of the committee who were absent from last week's meeting but are counted upon to sustain Judge Ricks, Layton of Ohio and Wolverton of Pennsylvania, are at the capital. Layton has given a day to the study of the case.

One member of the committee says the minority report will be substituted for the majority report of Bailey without an examination of the judge. Bailey has summoned to appear as witnesses against Judge Ricks, Sanders, his successor in the office of clerk of the court, and the typewriter who did the work for which the disputed fees were paid.

Reserve Below Seventy Millions.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—Seven hundred thousand dollars in gold was withdrawn from the New York sub-treasury $600,000 of it being for export. This leaves the true amount of the gold reserve $69,903,117.

TRUST IS A WINNER.

SHERMAN LAW FAILS IN THE SUPREME COURT.

Chief Justice Fuller Reads an Opinion Declaring That the Sugar Trust Does Not Come Within the Provisions of the Statute—Olney Not Sanguine of Success.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—The sugar trust wins out in its fight with the Sherman anti-trust law, the supreme court having decided that the law does not cover the case. Attorney General Olney declined to express an opinion on the decision until after he had read the whole opinion. It is known, however, that Olney has never had any faith in the ability of the government to enforce the Sherman anti-trust act against the sugar trust; therefore the decision against the government was no surprise to him. It is also believed that he is equally skeptical of success against the tobacco trust or any of the organizations with the possible exception of the railroads.

Fundamental Question Involved.

In his opinion Chief Justice Fuller said that the fundamental question involved is whether, conceding that the existence of a monopoly in manufacture is established by the evidence, that monopoly can be directly suppressed under the act of congress in the mode attempted. He says the supreme court has uniformly held that under the constitution the relief of the citizens of each state from the burden of monopoly and the evils resulting from the restraint of trade was for the states to deal with when confined to the limits of any of the states. Hence it becomes a qestion in the present instance whether there has been an interference with interstate or foreign commerce.

Commerce Not Part of Manufacture.

The opinion then asserts that while commerce succeeds to manufacture it is not a part of it, and says that while the exercise of the power to control the manufacture of an article may result in bringing the operation of commerce into play it does not control the commerce in that article and really affects it only incidentally and indirectly. It is laid down that "the fact that an article is manufactured for export to another state does not of itself make it an article of interstate commerce, and the interest of the manufacturer does not determine the time when the article passes from the control of the state and belongs to commerce."

Some Things Congress Did Not Do.

Further on the opinion says: "It was in the light of well settled principles that the act of July 2, 1890, was framed. Congress did not attempt thereby to assert the power to deal with monopoly directly as such, or to limit or restrict the rights of corporations created by states, or the citizens of states, in the acquisition, control, or disposition of property; or to regulate or prescribe the price or prices at which such property or the products thereof should be sold; or to make criminal the acts of persons in the acquisition and control of property, which the states of their residence sanctioned or permitted."

Hole Where the Trust Slips Through.

It says that while it is clear that the combination was made for the purpose of gain this was not to be accomplished through the control of interstate commerce, and "the act of congress only authorized the circuit courts to proceed by way of preventing and restraining violations of the act in respect of contracts, combinations and conspiracies in restraint of interstate or international trade or commerce."

Harlan Dissents from His Brethren.

Justice Harlan, in his dissenting opinion, said that as the supreme court had heretofore held that interstate commerce meant more than mere traffic between the states and included the buying and selling of commodities, and in view of the fact that the court of appeals had stated that the object of the combination of the sugar companies was not only for the control of the manufacture of sugar but also for its sale, he thought the case was one which came within the scope of interstate commerce and was amenable to congressional action.

CULLOM ON THE FIRST.

Only One Ballot Necessary to Elect Him Senator.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Jan. 18.—The Republican joint caucus to select a senatorial candidate convened last night. The nomination of Shelby M. Cullom to succeed himself in the United States senate for the next six years had been all but a foregone conclusion for twenty-four hours or more, and little remained but to ratify the apparently well established sentiment of the members by a formal roll-call. The caucus was held in the hall of the house of representatives, and being open to the public for the first time in history, the galleries were crowded by eager Springfield people. Immediately upon assembling the caucus got down to business, and a resolution was adopted declaring that the candidate carrying the majority of votes cast should be declared the choice of the caucus for senator.

Senator Berry, of Hancock, then placed the name of Senator Cullom in nomination in a brief eulogistic speech. The nomination was seconded by Representatives Cochran and Merriam. George S. Willits, of Chicago, was then nominated by Senator George E. Anthony, and after several speeches seconding the nomination a formal vote was taken, resulting in Senator Cullom's nomination as follows: Cullom, 103; Willets, 21. The choice was made unanimous amid a scene of wild enthusiasm. A committee was appointed to escort Senator Cullom to the platform, and he made a brief speech.

THE DEATH RECORD.

Hon. PATRICK HAMILL, member of the Forty-first congress, at Baltimore, Md.

Senator TASSE, Canadian commissioner to the World's fair, at Montreal.

GEORGE O. JONES, the well-known greenbacker, at New York.

Colonel HORACE HIBBARD, expert traffic manager, at St. Louis, Mo.

General ISRAEL N. STILES, well-known lawyer, at Chicago.

J. J. DONOVAN, pioneer settler of Iowa, at Eldora, Ia.

Rev. SAMUEL WATSON, D. D., at Memphis, Tenn.

Mrs. HENRIETTA D. BAILEY, granddaughter of Patrick Henry, at Alexandria, La.

Major JOSEPH W. PADDOCK, government director of the Union Pacific railway, at Omaha, Neb.

HENRY TRUMBULL, son of Judge Lyman Trumbull, at Chicago.

NEW HEAD TO FRANCE.

M. Casimir-Perier Has Resigned the Office of President.

PARIS, Jan. 17.—The chambers of the senate and deputies were crowded when those two bodies met to receive the resignation of President Casimir-Perier. When order was obtained the letter of resignation was read. It simply elaborates, though not at length, on the reasons given in these dispatches yesterday for his act. It is a complaint that a campaign of slander has been waged for months against every branch of the government and sarcastically refers thereto as "liberty of thought." Then those whom he had the right to look to for support had betrayed him and in short he could no longer retain his own self respect and the presidency at the same time.

The reasons for resignation were variously commented upon, but hardly any one approved them. The socialists looked upon the crisis as a victory for them. Of course there was disorder in the deputies. There were loud cries for election of president by universal suffrage, and a socialist shouted "Vive le Republique." The reply came quickly from a couple of royalists: "Vive le Roi." Members of the Left retorted with loud cries of "Vive le Republique."

This increased the excitement greatly and caused the members of the Left to gather together and shout for the republic at the top of their voices, while cheers for the king were to be heard mingling with the cheers for the republic. But the shouting for the latter drowned out the cries for the former and the chamber of deputies was emptied amid a scene of great tumult.

VERSAILLES, Jan. 18.—M. Felix Faure, minister of marine in the present cabinet, was elected on the second ballot to be president of the French republic. Faure polled 430 votes, to 361 votes polled by his nearest opponent, Brisson, president of the chamber of deputies. The Socialists protested violently when the result of the ballot was made known.

THE VICE PRESIDENT BEREAVED.

His Eldest Daughter Dies of Consumption After a Long Illness.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Jan. 19.—Miss Mary G. Stevenson, the oldest daughter of the vice president of the United States, died at the Battery Park hotel in this city, at 1:15 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Her father and mother and two sisters surrounded her bedside when the end came, the only absent member being her brother, Louis Stevenson, who is at the bedside of his sick wife in Bloomington, Ills., Miss Stevenson, who was in her 23d year, was taken ill with a severe cold while at Bar Harbor, Me., with her mother and sisters last summer. The attack developed into pneumonia of a severe type, which seriously affected her lungs and developed into consumption.

REVOLUTION IN HAWAII.

Ex-Commissioner Carter One of the Victims of the Revolt.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 19.—The steamer Alameda has arrived from Auckland and Sydney via Honolulu and brings news of a revolution and bloodshed at Honolulu. Charles L. Carter, who was one of the annexation commissioners, was killed, and other government supporters were wounded. There has been much fighting and at least twelve natives have been killed. Nearly 200 revolutionists are under arrest. Robert Wilcox is the leader of the rebels. The fighting was still in progress when the Alameda left Honolulu on Jan. 11, but the government forces had practically overcome the revolutionists.

Fatally Hurt by a Cyclone.

LITTLE ROCK, Jan. 22. — A cyclone struck near Pigott, Ark., fatally injuring two persons and seriously wounding nine others. Much property was destroyed. At McCaine's mill, two miles south of Pigott, several dwellings were totally demolished and eleven people wounded, two of whom will die. No details.

River Steamer Lost.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 22.—The steamer State of Missouri was wrecked off Wolf's creek and sunk to the bottom. First reports sent out said forty people were drowned, but later developments show that not one life was lost.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.

Money on call easy at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 2½@4 per cent. Sterling exchange firm with actual business in bankers' bills at 489¼ for demand and 488@488¼ for sixty days; posted rates 488½@489 and 489½@490; commercial bills 487@487¼.

Silver certificates 60¼ bid; no sales; bar silver 59¾. Mexican dollars 48¾.

United States government bonds 5's regular 115½; 5 's coupons 116¼; 4's regular 113; 4's coupons 113; 2's regular 97; Pacific 6's of '95 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Jan. 21.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—January, opened 54c, closed 52½c; May, opened 57½c, closed 57½c; July, opened 58¼c, closed 58½c. Corn—January, opened 44¾c, closed 43¾c; May, opened 47¼c, closed 45½c; July, opened 46¾c, closed 45¾c. Oats—January, opened —c, closed 27¼c; May, opened 30¼c, closed 29½c; June, opened 30c, closed 29c. Pork—January, opened $11.05, closed $10.85; May, opened $11.37½, closed $11.10. Lard—January, opened $6.37½, closed $6.32½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 24c per lb; extra dairy, 20c; packing stock, 8@9c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 20c per doz., loss off. Live Poultry—Chickens, spring, 6½@7½c per lb; turkeys, 8@8½c; ducks, 8@9c; geese, 7@9c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 50@54c per bu; Hebrons, 48@51c; Early Rose, 50@54c. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, $1.50@2.00 per bbl. Cranberries—Cape Cod, fair to good, $9.00@10.00 per bbl; choice to fancy, $10.50@11.50. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@14c per lb; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Jan. 21.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 45,000; sales ranged at $2.60@4.75 pigs, $3.75@4.15 light, $3.90@4.10 rough packing, $3.90@4.40 mixed, and $4.10@4.50 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Receipts for the day, 12,000; quotations ranged at $4.00@5.60 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.35@4.95 good to choice do, $3.85@4.60 fair to good, $3.35@3.90 common to medium do, $3.60@3.80 butchers' steers, $2.20@2.90 stockers, $2.80@3.60 feeders, $1.30@3.70 cows, $2.80@3.30 heifers, $1.50@3.40 bulls, $2.70@3.70 Texas steers, $2.75@4.25 western rangers and $2.00@3.50 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 16,000; sales ranged at $2.25@3.65 westerns, $1.50@3.00 Texans, $1.50@3.85 natives and $3.50@4.50 lambs.

SOLONS OF ILLINOIS.

REPORT OF THEIR PROCEEDINGS AT SPRINGFIELD.

The Lawmakers Hard at Work Introducing Bills and Resolutions in Both Branches of the Legislature—Prairie State News of Interest.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 17.—The senate adopted a resolution that the election of United States senator take place Wednesday Jan. 23. An enrolling and engrossing committee was appointed and clerks provided for. A bill was introduced to revise the several insurance law. It provides for a state fire marshal at a salary of $4,500 to investigate fires. The house adopted rules that add to the list of committees by creating committees on statutory revision, civil service reform, state and county fairs, and parks and boulevards. No bills are to be introduced after March 22, except by standing committees. The senate resolution relating to the transfer of the Lincoln monument was adopted.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 18.—The Republican and Democratic committees of the senate which are to assign members to committees have about completed their labors. The senators attended yesterday's session with their pockets full of bills which were introduced, among them the following: To classify fees and salaries in the different counties; insuring better education of dentists; to protect persons supplying materials for public buildings; to compel street railways to provide safeguards against accident to life or limb; appropriating $4,000 to the State Horticultural society. Bills were passed appropriating $62,000 for assembly expenses and for the raising of park funds in cities of from 2,000 to 100,000 population. A resolution to investigate the employment of convicts was referred.

In the house three bills for the arbitration of labor disputes were introduced and others as follows: To regulate the width of wagon tires; making the office of mayor four years instead of two and providing that at Chicago no mayor may be his own successor; repealing the law for the killing of English sparrows; appropriating $400,000 to the Quincy Soldiers' and Sailors' home; to prevent the use of dangerous oils in mines; appropriating $70,000 for the Jacksonville deaf and dumb asylum.

O'Donnell, of Bloomington, introduced in the house a bill to protect members of loan and homestead associations. It provides that any officer or agent of an associatian who shall directly or indirectly receive any payment on stock when at the time of receiving such payment he knows the association to be insolvent, or should have known it by using reasonable dilligence, and whereby payment on stock shall be lost, said officer shall be deemed guilty of embezzlement, and can be fined double the amount lost and imprisoned in the penitentiary for from one to three years.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 19.—Both houses of the legislature have adjourned to Monday. Bills were introduced: In the senate—To prevent adulteration of the food of animals; appropriating $300,000 for the state militia, including the strike expenses last summer; requiring nurses of infants to report to physicians any disease of the eyes noticed in infants in their charge; to repeal the law indemnifying owners of property damaged by mobs.

In the house—Prohibiting the acceptance or use of any corporation pass by any one holding or any way connected with a public office; to regulate charges at stock yards; limiting horse races to sixty days in the year, between May and November. A resolution requesting Illinois congressmen to vote for the McClernand pension bill was unanimously adopted.

MADE FULL CONFESSION.

Plans Laid for the Robbery of the Exchange Bank at Momence, Ills.

MOMENCE, Jan. 21.—The chief development in the attempted robbery of the Exchange bank was the written confession of William Schoff, one of the three men arrested. It was secured by Detectives Berry and McDonald, and was signed in the presence of Mayor Watson. It sets forth that he was approached by Weed S. Love who unfolded the scheme to rob the Exchange bank. Later he was introduced to Robinson, who was to do the expert work. Love told him also that Mulligan O'Brien was to be one of the party. They drove to Kankakee, where they purchased powder, oil and sacks.

They started for Momence at 11 o'clock at night, and stopped at Exline, a little station half way between Kankakee and Momence. Here Robinson, O'Brien, and Love went into the grain office and opened the safe and obtained $35.80, while he (Schoff) watched the horse and stood guard. They then drove to Momence and unloaded, and after putting away their teams Robinson was in the act of prying open the door when they were alarmed by lights flashing up in the residence of Dr. Burt, adjoining the bank. They started to run when the officers began firing on them. Love was captured, but Schoff and O'Brien reached their homes, where they were arrested shortly afterward.

Mrs. Senator Cullom's Sister Dead.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Jan. 19.—Mrs. Caroline Dorwin was found last evening clinging to the fence around the executive mansion grounds. A carriage was summoned and she was taken home, two blocks distant. She died ten minutes after arriving of heart disease. The deceased is a sister of Senator Cullom's wife and mother of Harry E. Dorwin, one of the proprietors of The Illinois State Journal.

Cullom Nominated for Senator.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Jan. 18.—Shelby M. Cullom was nominated for the United States senate by the Republican caucus on the first ballot. The vote was: Cullom, 103; Willits, 21. The vote was made unanimous.

Notes of the State.

At a funeral in Normal, Ills., the team of George Champion became unmanageable and ran away, throwing the occupants out of the vehicle. Mrs. Henry Goff and Mrs. Thomas Rankin were seriously injured.

Protestants and Roman Catholics at Bay City, Mich., have taken the unusual step of uniting in a common fight against infidelity and immorality.

Burglars entered Wald Bros.' store on Wabash avenue, Chicago, and carried off a wagon load of goods valued at $1,500.

"Jack" Jerry, for years an engineer on the Illinois Central, killed himself at Chicago because he had been suspended for an accident.

Jasper Chapin accidentally shot his 8-year-old son at Hickory Grove, Ills., while carelessly handling a revolver.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Thursday, Jan. 17.

A boiler explosion in the 40-inch mill at Homestead, Pa., killed Harry Breenman and John Gorecka, fatally injured John Dernak and seriously hurt William Banks.

The Democratic legislature of Tennessee has adopted the resolution to investigate the allegations of fraud before the governor is inaugurated.

John M. Thurston for Nebraska, William E. Chandler for New Hampshire, and E. O. Wolcott for Colorado are recent senatorial elections.

A bill has been introduced in the Missouri legislature making train robbery a capital offense.

Frederick Villers, war correspondent who has been over watching the Chino-Japanese war, says the atrocities at Port Arthur have not been exaggerated and that De Guerville, another correspondent, attempted to have Creelman, still another, executed by the Japanese as a Chinese spy.

Pennoyer has been succeeded by Lord as governor of Oregon.

Lord Randolph Churchill is much weaker, and it is believed that the end is near.

Friday, Jan. 18.

In the criminal court at Washington President Havemeyer and Secretary Searles, of the sugar trust; Broker Seymour and Correspondents Edwards and Shriever were required to plead to the indictments charging them with refusing to answer questions in the senate sugar investigation last year.

Families of striking miners at Akron, O., where the men have had but six months' work since last April, are on the verge of starvation.

Dr. Walter Watson, of Mount Vernon, has been chosen superintendent of the asylum for the insane at Jacksonville, Ills., to succeed Dr. McKenzie.

Twelve pupils have been expelled from the Ann Arbor high school on account of their connection with fraternities. Considerable feeling has been aroused among the parents of the expelled members.

A sensational story is current at Washington that the proposition to increase the tax on beer is a scheme to freeze out the English stockholders in the brewery syndicates and get the property back into the hands of the original American owners.

Saturday, Jan. 19.

Public Prosecutor Celli, of Servia, was murdered by a man supposed to be an anarchist.

The United States pension disbursements in Maine amount to $5 apiece for every man, woman and child in the state.

The Price family, of Shelby county, Ky., at present consists of eight boys whose ages range from 60 to 31.

Superintendent of Police Brennan of Chicago will be required by the council finance committee to drop 336 policemen from the pay roll.

Eddie Davis, to have been hanged at Savannah, Ga., has been reprieved until Feb. 15.

The municipal council of Versailles has decided to give the name Carnot—in honor of the late President of France—to one of the principal streets, now known as the Rue de la Pompe. Mme. Carnot has given her consent.

Financial troubles drove John Eubanks to hang himself at Huntington, Ind.

The national civil service commission has received more than 4,000 requisitions for application blanks, schedules for examinations for 1895, and pamphlets for instruction.

Monday, Jan. 21.

At Syracuse, N. Y., Bob Fitzsimmons has been indicted for the death of his sparring partner Riordan on Nov. 17 last.

The court at Chicago has declined to dismiss Mayor Hopkins' libel suit against Chairman Tanner, of the Republican state central committee, for charging that Hopkins levied "blackmail on the vices" of Chicago, but the court ordered the complaint to be made more specific.

A boiler explosion in Van Buren's saw mill at Rusk, Tex., killed Will Lewis, Alex Lewis, Tobe Richardson, Alex Hamilton and Abner Lee, and wounded Peter Van Buren, Andrew Ross, Emanuel Hamilton, Richard Loftin and Nash Miller.

A bell boy at the Grand Avenue hotel, St. Louis, robbed one of the guests, an aged woman, at the point of a pistol, obtaining $100 and some valuable jewelry. He was captured as he was about to leave the city.

Tuesday, Jan. 22.

Harry Hayward is on trial for the murder of Catherine Ging at Minneapolis. It will take the whole week, it is believed, to secure a jury. The trial of Blixt is set for Feb. 5. From the questions asked one of the veniremen it came out almost surely that the defense will be insanity.

Wind at Chicago partly wrecked the enclosed scaffolding on a high building in course of construction and the timbers wounded five persons on the street below one, it is thought, fatally.

Riderburg, the clerk in the Cook county, Ills., clerk's office who disappeared a month or so ago, has reappeared in the flesh, having been off on one of those "unconscious" trips that have become so frequent in the past few years.

J. J. Haller, thought to be a traveling-man for a Chicago firm, committed suicide at Dayton, O.

The Spanish chamber of deputies has adopted the modus vivendi with the United States.

It Is Not What We Say But What Hood's Sarsaparilla Does

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MACHA.

By ROSA MULHOLLAND.

There is a lone upper world among the Connemara hills seldom visited by any wayfarer from the ordinary paths of life. Mountains form bulwarks around it; the gates into it are narrow defiles between rugged crags; the centers of its silent valleys are deep lakes, cold and gray as steel or black with the shadow of the raincloud. By the water's margin the dark, sullen earth, with its gorgeous clothing of purple and embroideries of emerald green, upheaves in curious knolls and bosses or stretches away in wind swept levels. The peaks around take fantastic shapes, and in twilight the place is like some region of hades, where disembodied souls walk in shadow and muse upon the mysteries that death has unfolded to them.

Uncongenial as it appears to human life, there are a few inhabitants of this world of silent gloom and barren beauty. Here and there the infrequent traveler will come upon an isolated cabin built of rude stone and roofed with the sod, hardly distinguishable from the heather capped rock except for the curl of smoke that steals through a hole from the hearthstone within. On a summer morning an inquisitive explorer of this lonesome world passed by one of these smoking hovels, and while gazing on it in dismay, almost expecting to see a gnome or monster issue from it, was startled by the appearance of an exquisite face which shone on him for a moment and vanished. The solitary rambler in so eerie a spot was at the moment in an imaginative mood, and open to all influences of the beautiful and supernatural, and almost believed that a sprite of the mountain had crossed his path, and that she had a fateful message for him in her eyes, but shaking himself into a more rational frame of mind he went on his way, with only a lingering look at the cabin, which seemed to retreat into the fastnesses of the rock. Yet, in spite of common sense, the wild beautiful eyes of the mountain girl pursued him, the message that lay a mystery in their depths bewitched him, and finally, as the sun shot forth long shafts of flame and glances of gold, setting fierily behind a cluster of blackening mountain peaks, he turned upon his heel and retraced his steps in the direction of the enchanted hovel.

Macha, the owner of the beautiful face, had withdrawn it hastily into the interior of the cabin, scared at the unwonted sight of a stranger, as lowland dwellers might be scared by a ghost. The cabin was so poor that, only for the red hearth and the warm smell of smoke, it might have been mistaken for a shed for cattle. The earthen floor was uneven and full of holes; the roof, of heather and sticks, was blackened with smoke; the hearthstone was broken.

One crazy table, one chair and two or three other nondescript seats, a kettle, a pot, a battered tin can, and a few mugs and plates—these were the chief contents of the dwelling's principal room. Looking around, one might well ask by what means life could be supported in this place. Patches of potatoes that struggled for existence between bog and rock close by, and a black cutting, that showed like an ugly wound on the face of a distant level and was the turf mine—these gave the only answer to such inquiry.

An old woman sat spinning in the corner of the cabin, lean and smoke dried, like a mummy, her dark red garment and the yellow handkerchief wound turban wise round her head making a spot of subdued color in the murky picture. The contents of a pot of potatoes had been turned out on the table, and Macha, who, with a peculiar cry, had summoned the family from their work at the bog to dinner, stood on the middle of the floor, with a slant light falling on her from the sky, across the mountain peaks, through the smoke stained doorway. Her skirt of crimson wool, spun by the grandame in the corner, and dyed with madder by Macha herself, was short enough to show her white feet, shining on the earthen floor. Over it she wore a short brown bodice, and a few yards of coarse yellow white calico were wound about her shoulders and had been about her head, but the drapery had fallen back in a sort of cowl behind her neck.

No white lily or golden rose was ever so beautiful as the face of Macha, crowned with its honey colored hair, set with eyes dark and blue, with a look half sweet, half troubled, a rose red mouth, tinted to match flowers the girl had never seen, and creamy, satin smooth, dimpled cheeks. The way in which her head was set on her shoulders, the pose of her figure and the movements of her white bare arms recalled the goddesses in marble of the early Greeks. With her almost superhuman beauty, where had Macha come from—to battle with the elements for life, to grow sun tanned, weather beaten, lean and withered in the struggle to force the potato out of the rock and peat out of the reeking bog.

What was she doing in this dreary upper world of the barren Irish hills. How could she be the granddaughter of the unlovely crone in the corner, and why had generations of ignorance and hunger and rude toil produced her? It must be that nature had created her for a whim, making her a sort of image of the wild beauty of this picturesque wilderness.

The afterglow of the sunset was abroad when Macha went out again, to roam round the lake in a fashion of her own. A strange amber and red reflection illuminated one side of the sky and the mountain peaks, intensified by gloomy fringes trailing along the horizon. Delicate green tints overspread the other, and in this fairer skyey field had blossomed the round white moon, brightening momentarily and shining among the early stars like a lily among daisies. Earth and heaven were pictured in the lake—the gemmed meadows and luridly illuminated deserts on high, the blackening hills and the moving shapes of orange, brown and purple that caught and rent the fringes of the approaching night.

Macha clasped her hands over her head and gazed round her half fearfully, enjoying and understanding the beauty of it all. She had heard of a shining city beyond the gold and silver gates of the sun and the moon, also of earthly cities, wonderful, too, but not so beautiful, that lay down below the mountains in the busy world of men. She meant to go to the one, but she did not care to visit the others. Her mountain home, with its inhabitants, contained the desires of her heart. The old brown crucifix on the cabin wall was her passport to the final happy destination of all patient souls, whither she and all she loved would depart when the Master should send them a message to come. Nothing natural or supernatural dismayed or disgusted her. If there were spirits in the rocks and fairies in the lake, the Almighty knew what they were doing there, and everything was all for the best.

"Macha, come in," called her mother from the cabin. "Something will get you."

"Aye, mother, I am coming," said Macha, but still she lingered, looking hard at a piece of rock that seemed to be taking the shape of "something." The clouds are alive and move and change—why should not the rocks? Suddenly a living person seemed to emerge out of the rock and come beside her, and, startled, she would have fallen into the lake had not a strong arm seized her and swung her into safety.

"Holy mother! I nearly drowned you!" cried Macha, looking at the same traveler who had passed the cabin in the morning.

"I nearly drowned you," said the stranger, gazing in wonder at her beauty, which seemed to have become almost unearthly, as the still warm glow from one side irradiated her hair, and the greenish moonlight from the other whitened her round cheek and the drapery of her shoulder.

"I thought you were—him who lives down in the lake," whispered Macha.

"Who is he?"

She looked all round in the air, and her lovely face caught a thousand reflections of flitting colors and lights. Then she signed with her hand toward the lake.

"The water is deep," she said, "and there is many a thing down there. But you are a living man, for I saw you in the morning."

The person addressed felt a strange thrill as she spoke and put out her round gleaming arm and touched his hand with her warm fingers, as if to assure herself that her own words were true, and that he was indeed a living man.

"And you are a living woman," he said. "I almost thought you were a spirit moving along the edge of the lake. Why do you keep so close to the edge? I thought I saw you walking on the water."

"I like to look in and see what I can see," said the girl mysteriously.

"Do you aways walk here in the evenings?"

"Yes, and sometimes a bit at dawn. Mother says something wicked will meet me. But I have only met you, and you are not wicked."

"I am not as good as I ought to be," said the man tremulously, answering the look of simple faith and approval in

"But I have only met you, and you are not wicked."

the girl's wonderful eyes. "But I hope I am not altogether wicked," and the strangeness of his own humility escaped his notice.

"I do not much believe in wickedness myself," said Macha, "except, of course, in the great dhiaoul" (devil), crossing herself. "But he will never hurt me unless I do something wrong."

"What do you see when you walk here in the dawn?"

"I see the blessed spirits trooping up and down the skies. Anybody could see them. Sometimes they come down upon the hills, but they change into white clouds and run away when they come too near me. There is my mother calling me, and the supper is ready."

"By what name is she calling you?"

"Macha is my name. If you will eat a few potatoes, I will bring them out to you."

"I am not hungry, Macha, and I am going back to the inn. But if you offer me some another day I will take them."

The girl went in to her mother, and the stranger returned through the brightening moonlight down the rugged mountain, retracing the steps he had made in the morning. The inn lay under the hills, a few miles below the wild region where Macha had been born, in which she had grown to womanhood, eating the potatoes she had helped to produce and watching the blessed spirits trooping up and down the skies.

"Something will get you," said Macha's mother for the hundredth time as the girl appeared for her supper, and she was not wrong, for fate had got hold of Macha.

Strange and unaccountable are the whims of men. Here was one with wealth and rank, accustomed to all that is cultivated, witty and beautiful among women, and yet, having gone fancy free till rather a late period of bachelorhood, he had climbed a savage mountain in an isolated corner of what he considered an uncivilized country, to fall in love with a wild girl with a wild name, who lived upon potatoes in a hovel under a rock!

And he did not feel ashamed of himself. Contrast and inconsistencies had always possessed a fascination for him. Did not the spotless white flower of the bog flourish there as purely as though it had not sprung out of the black slimy substance that held its root? And Macha, with her shining bare feet and arms, and her face like a poet's dream, was all the more enchanting to his imagination because she had sprung, with her spontaneous loveliness, out of the mountain and had been nourished and perfected between the wind and the sun without help from "civilization" or a lesson from "art."

He was going back to the inn that he might have further opportunities of seeing this girl, and yet he told himself that his admiration for her was merely an abstract idea; that after he had seen her a few times and studied her exceptional beauty and character he would go on his way contented, rejoicing to have perceived that nature can be still so lovely and unspoiled in her own secret fastnesses, beyond the ken of the world. His rest was broken that night by a new excitement, and he wakened in the dawn to fancy he saw Macha walking with her bare white feet in the rosy light round the margin of the lake. He wanted to hear her voice again and feel the touch of her hand. It struck him as remarkable that she had shown no shyness of him, speaking to him as naturally as if he had been her brother, and he divined that this was so because she knew nothng of ranks and classes. Only the supernatural had power to awe her, and she had felt safe and happy as soon as she had assured herself that he was a living man. Accustomed to the attentions of women, he would have felt less attraction toward Macha had she shown any desire for his return. The absence of all coquetry in her delighted him.

The girl thought of him, lying on her straw bed in the dead of the night. There was a hole in the roof above her head, a hole that would be thatched over with heather for the winter, but at present it was good to let in the air of heaven. Through it Macha could see a star shining in the sky, like a little island of splendor in an ocean of dark blue, and the rugged twigs of the broken heather made a rough frame for the bit of glory. The beauty of Macha's face lay quenched in darkness beneath, but her soul escaped through the opening up to the kindred mystery of the star, carrying with it the memory of the event of the evening. Her mind rested with placid wonder on the occurrence of her meeting with the stranger. She had not fallen in love with him, as he with her, nor did she dream of such a thing.

Roundabout her lay her mother, her grandmother, her little sisters, sleeping soundly, with the love of Macha asleep in their hearts. She loved them passionately and had no thought or hope for herself apart from them. To work with them, hand and foot, that they might all have enough potatoes and turf to enable them to live together without more pain than they could endure—this was the one object of her existence. Vague splendors and delicious rest and joy were, she knew, awaiting them all beyond the gates of the sun. The only thing to be desired was that they might not be parted meanwhile in their purgatory on the lonely mountain. As the night crept on and the stars waxed brighter Macha owned to herself that the "living man" might have been "him who lives down in the lake," after all. Pondering this doubt, she fell asleep.

The stranger reappeared next day and for many days afterward haunted the mountain. Macha had leave from her mother to accompany him in his search for the wild flowers which, he explained to them, he wanted for scientific purposes. The little sisters frisked about them and took their share in the search, dancing like young kids on the edge of precipices, with wild bright eyes and flying locks. Potatoes boiled in the cabin were eaten on the heather, and the long summer days went past like the beads on a golden rosary, told brightly through the fingers. The man was brotherly and kind with the little girls and the elder women, but he recognized a gulf between them and Macha.

Their speech, translated literally from the Irish, though poetical and musical enough, was not delicately correct, as his ear imagined hers to be. Their swift feet were not white, nor was their clothing spotless. Macha, who bathed in the lake every morning and hung out her yellow hair to dry in the first beams of the sun, and who wore her well bleached draperies like a princess, could not keep young nor old from dyeing their skins and garments in the bog holes. An instinctive personal delicacy had come to Macha with her exceptional beauty. At the end of a fortnight the stranger told himself that this mountain flower was worthy of being transplanted into the brightest parterre ever cherished by man. And what a month ago would have appeared to him only madness seemed now most sensible.

Macha came into the cabin one evening in the gloaming with a face of dismay.

"Mother!" she said, grasping her mother's arm.

"What is on you, child?"

"The sassenach is asking me to go away with him."

"Away with him?"

"He wants to give me a satin gown and a ring and to take me to his home."

"Well, mavourneen," with a long sigh, "if he makes you a true wife and is good to you, you would be better with him than here."

"Mother," cried the girl passionately, "have I vexed you, have I angered you, that you would turn me from your door?"

"Turn you away, asthore machree! Macha, are you mad? Wouldn't it be only to see you happy and well? I suppose the man has a good farm and can pay his rent. And you would be well warmed and fed, my Macha, though your mother's hearth would be blank."

"I don't want to be well warmed and fed. I am as well off as you and the grandmother and the girls. He would take me out to England, over the sea—away, away to the other side of the world!"

And the girl sobbed wildly on her mother's shoulder.

"Send him off, then, acushla machree. Why need you break your heart about what nobody is going to bid you do? Your mother before you never wore a fine gown, and we will be hungry together as we always were."

Macha's weeping subsided a little, but only to break out again as fiercely as before.

"I cannot send him away, mother! I love him as well as you. Oh, why did he ever come over the mountain? Better it had been him that lives down in the lake!"

The mother stood aghast. "Holy Virgin!" she cried, "and 'tis only a score of days since we saw him first. Then, if you love him like that, my daughter, you are bound to be his wife. You must go, even to England over the sea!"

"You don't know what you are saying, mother. How could I live without seeing your face?"

"As many have to live, my Macha. Maybe he would bring you back to see us. And you might be able to send us the potato seed or a piece of the good flannel to keep us warm."

Macha looked piteously in her mother's eyes and then round the familiar cabin. The storm came down again upon her heart, and she flung up her arms and fell into a swoon. Her lover, arriving up the mountain, found her lying white on the heather outside the door, with her head on her mother's knees, and was thus led into uttering promises which else he might never have made.

"It's only the heart that is too strong in her," said the poor mother sorrowfully. "It is ill to love a stranger that must part you from your own."

"I swear to bring her back," said the man eagerly. "She shall come whenever she pleases and bring as many good things as she likes. We might even build a house in the valley below."

At this the color began to return into Macha's cheeks, and the comfortable promises sank deep into her mind.

Little by little the struggle between the new love and the old was softened away. The will of the stranger prevailed, and the marriage took place in a little rude mountain chapel, where Macha had been baptized, and where, traveling through hail, rain and storm, she had knelt every Sunday since she had been able to walk. At the church doors the husband reiterated the promise that he would bring her back—very soon she would return to the mountain. He almost tore his bride away, weeping and half fainting, from the embraces of her people, from the clinging of their thin brown hands and the kisses of their weather beaten faces. And in spite of the promises he had just repeated he was glad to think that he had probably seen the last of this wild mountain tribe.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BARBERS IN BRITAIN.

Frank Ruff's Description of Dublin and London Shaving Shops.

In Dublin the first class shops are managed in the same way as the leading shops of London, and most of the first class journeymen barbers hail from London, and they are paid what are called London wages—that is, 35 shillings a week—but a barber in order to get those wages must also be a ladies' hairdresser. The cheaper shops only pay their journeymen from 13 to 20 shillings a week. The first class shops charge sixpence—that is, 12 cents—for shaving and the same price for hair cutting and shampooing. The cheaper shops charge only twopence, or 4 cents, for shaving, hair cutting or shampooing. Some shops in Cork only charge a penny for each. The first class shops here turn out a customer just as well as the barbers in America, if not a little better, but I would not let the cheaper barbers shave my dog.

Some of the finest shops in Dublin have our old fashioned chairs, and some have just an upholstered chair, with a headpiece attached. The cheap shops, most of them, just use a wooden chair, and the barber wears a dirty apron, but in the finer shops they wear white coats and clean white aprons. London has a great many shops, but there are only a few really good shops. Most of the barber shops here are called toilet clubs, and they are all located on the second floor. They get threepence for shaving. The journeymen barbers get about 30 shillings a week. A few get more, but they depend largely on their customers for tips. The best shave I ever had in London was in a barber shop conducted by a lady. She employs five other ladies and charges threepence for shaving and a little extra for dressing the hair. There are only about half a dozen shops in London which have modern American chairs.—National Barber.

The Bottomless Pit.

A wonderful natural cavern was discovered in Lafayette county, Ga., in 1891. It has the usual complement of "rooms," "galleries," "domes," "pits," etc., but its sole title to being somewhat out of the ordinary in the cavern line is a well-like abyss in one of the rooms, which, as far as any one knows, may once have served as the chimney of hades. It is known locally as "the bottomless pit." Stones of large size have been thrown into it with a hope that they would be heard to strike bottom after awhile; but, according to reports, "there were no reverberating sounds borne back to the ear by which its enormous depth could be gauged."—St. Louis Republic.

VILLANELLE.

Down the dear old lane where we always meet,
With its hedges tall and its grassy way,
Comes Ethel, blushing, her lover to greet.

The bracken is tall and the wild rose sweet,
And the air is scented with new mown hay,
Down the dear old lane where we always meet.

In a simple frock, so pretty and neat,
With a face as fresh and fair as the day,
Comes Ethel, blushing, her lover to greet.

There's an old gray stone makes a mossy seat,
With a bank behind, where butterflies stray,
Down the dear old lane where we always meet.

Daintily tripping on dainty, wee feet,
With an innocent haste that brooks no delay,
Comes Ethel, blushing, her lover to greet.

There's a thrill that quickens my heart's quick beat,
And I fain would think 'twill ever be May,
Down the dear old lane where we always meet
Comes Ethel, blushing, her lover to greet.
—Holt Shafto in Chambers' Journal.

DEATH'S RED LIGHT.

It Was Waved at an Engineer, Betokening His Mother's Demise.

"The most peculiar case I ever heard of," said a telegraph operator, "occurred in our family. My father was an engineer on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, running into Richmond. One night while quite a distance from the latter city and nearing his run he saw a bright red light on the track several hundred yards ahead. The signal was also seen by his fireman and the front brakeman. The train was at once stopped, but not a trace of the signalman or light could be found, and the track was all right. Father looked at his watch and noted that the time was 8 o'clock. The train pulled out, proceeding cautiously for some distance without meeting any obstruction. Several miles farther the light was again seen. Once more stopping, another search was made, with no more success than before. This happened at 8:28. Father was never superstitious, but this was inexplicable. Much mystified, he proceeded on the way, only to be stopped a third time by the red light at 8:51 o'clock. Another search by the crew failed to disclose the slightest trace of the mysterious signalman. Finally, giving up the search, the men returned to their posts, and the train at last pulled up into Richmond without further mishap.

"When father alighted from the cab, a telegram was handed him announcing the death of his mother. Without delay he went to her home, which was several miles out of the city, on the railroad. Soon after his arrival he learned that a telegram had been sent to him while he was out on duty, summoning him to grandmother's bedside. The time at which father had seen the mysterious red lights was indelibly impressed on his memory, and he learned upon inquiry that at precisely the minute at which the first red light was seen she had asked if he had come. She then repeated the question at the time he saw the second light, and the appearance of the third light was simultaneous with her death."—Richmond Times.

The Writers Froude Liked.

"Whom do you rank as the first of modern English prose writers?" asked Mr. Froude as we were strolling one afternoon in Chelsea. Had Lord Tennyson suddenly demanded to know whom I thought to be the greatest poet of the day I could not have been more dumfounded. Noting my hesitation and perhaps guessing its cause, Mr. Froude quickly added: "Ah! I naturally thought you would say Ruskin, who is certainly a master of descriptive writing, at his best exquisite. Newman, too (and Matthew Arnold in a lesser degree), had lucidity and the gift of irony, but lacked glow and color. To me he is always cold. My own favorite is Charles Lamb."

Seeing that I was greatly interested, he went on to point out the beauties of "Dream Children" and then quoted the lovely passage in "The New Year's Eve" beginning, "And you, my midnight darlings, my Folios." That, he said, was the high water mark of modern English prose, equal to anything of the seventeenth century, "the English as pure and beautiful as that of the liturgy itself."

Mr. Froude was a great admirer of Bret Harte. "Tennessee's Pardner" and "The Luck of Roaring Camp" he used to declare were of the immortals. When I once said I feared that Mr. Bret Harte was no longer the fashion, Froude merely replied, "So much the worse for the fashion." In this appreciation of the American story teller, as well as in his affection for Charles Lamb and his respect for Mr. Chamberlain, we see that Froude was no thrall to academic convention.—National Review.

Professional Services.

As two men were looking from an office window on Griswwold street the other morning a shriveled up old fellow passed by.

"See that party?" said one. "Well, he's the meanest man in the state."

"Who is he, and why is he so mean?"

"He's a lawyer in one of the interior towns where they have bobtail cars, and one day while he was riding up town a lame man on the car gave him a dime and asked him to pay his fare for him. He did as requested and then wanted to keep the other nickel as a fee for professional services."—Detroit Free Press.

Women's Ages.

Somebody has discovered the curious fact that the reluctance of women to tell their age is no piece of modern sensitiveness. It is as old as the hills. In the Old Testament, although great numbers of women are mentioned, there is but one—Sarah, Abraham's wife—whose age is recorded.—New York Times.

Augustus paid for a grouse 30 cents; dove, 24 cents; partridge, 48 cents; duck, 60 cents; fat goose, $3; hare, $2.20 pheasant, $1.60.

No kind of wheat now known exactly resembles that found in the coffins of the old Egyptians.

When it rains cats and dogs, it may fairly be called beastly weather.

BEFORE MATCHES CAME.

The Flint and Steel and Rushlights and Tallow Dips of Our Ancestors.

To the present generation it may seem next door to the incredible that in the first years of the reign of William IV there were no lucifer matches. In lieu thereof there were only long matches or splints of wood tipped at each end with melted sulphur, and before the complicated system of dipping the sulphuretted match in concentrated sulphuric acid came into use these matches were kindled first by striking a light with flint and steel and then causing the spark to ignite a small quantity of tinder, an inflammable substance usually composed of partially burned linen.

This simple adjunct to the process of obtaining a light had been in use all over the world from time immemorial. The French tinder was called "amadou," a word the etymology of which has been fiercely contested, some philologers deriving it from the old French adjective "amadou," equivalent to amorous, and conveying the moral idea of the sweetly agreeable sensation of the hand coming in contact with a very soft substance, while others trace it to the Latin "ad manum dulce." The French tinder was often made of the spongy portions of mushrooms and other fungi, and prior to the introduction of lucifer matches the manufacture of amadou was one of considerable importance. The cryptogamic substance was beaten on a block somewhat after the manner of felt until it became homogeneous, and it was then impregnated with a solution of salts of niter or simply pulverized gunpowder. The Germans still fabricate a delicate kind of amadou which is used in surgery for stanching hemorrhage. As for flint and steel, they have as completely faded out from our domestic economy as they have from firearms, and the tinder box is so rarely seen that it might well be included in an exhibition of old social curios.

With tinder and tinder boxes has also vanished the rushlight which, when William Cobbett was a boy, English cottagers used to make for themselves by gathering rushes and dipping them successively in melted tallow until sufficient thick adipose matter was obtained. In houses where refinement was supposed to prevail the rushlight was invariably placed in a japanned tin shade perforated with circular orifices, and the insomnolent invalid had the pleasure of contemplating a large number of round spots of light on the ceiling, reflected from the rushlight screen. "Dips," another form of tallow candle, much given to sputtering, which smelled abominably, have also died the death, and "mold candles," which strove to emulate wax ones in their form, but hardly succeeded in doing so, have been superseded by cheaper candles, almost as shapely and as light giving as the old and costly spermaciti. Seventy years ago gas was little used. There were no railroads, few steamboats and no lucifer matches; yet, as Mr. Walter Besant might put it, the world went very well then.—London Telegraph.

APOLOGIZED FOR INTRUDING.

The Bashful Student Thought the Venus of Medici Was a Living Bather.

A funny story of a modest man is told by Aubrey de Vere in The Century Magazine. After 50 years' seclusion within the walls of his college a certain venerable fellow of Cambridge university thought it was time for him to see a little of the world, and he accepted an invitation from an early pupil who was entertaining a large party in a great country house. At dinner he sat next to the young lady of the house. Their conversation fell upon baths, and she happened to mention that she took a shower bath every morning to invigorate her system, adding, when he inquired what a shower bath was, that it resembled a very small round room; that the bather took his or her stand in the center of it, and upon pulling a string was drenched by a sudden flood of water from above.

Next morning the recluse rose at his usual hour—6 o'clock—and being of an inquisitive temper thought it well to explore carefully what he had never seen before—a large country house. On pulling open a door he found himself at the entrance of a very small circular apartment, one of those in which housemaids store away old brushes and household articles past their work. In the center of it stood a plaster cast of the Venus of Medici. The venerable man recoiled, closed the door and walked in the park till summoned by the breakfast bell. He took his seat, and the host asked whether he would have tea or coffee. But he had reflected on what good manners imperatively required, and his answer was:

"My lord, I can neither partake of tea nor coffee, nor any other refection until I have first tendered my humblest apologies to the interesting young lady whom I now see dispensing the chocolate and on whose sanitary ablutions this morning as she stood in her shower bath I was so unfortunate as unwittingly to intrude."

Ancient Use of the Mace.

The ancient use of the mace introduces us to a remarkable instance of ecclesiastical casuistry. The clergy was forbidden to shed blood, and as thus the sword was inhibited this might have been thought sufficient to keep them from the battlefield. But not so; they adopted the mace. Though they could not cut a man's throat, yet might they break his head. So Bishop Odo, half brother of William, fought alongside of the conqueror at the bitter battle of Hastings with great effect under theirs being, as you may say, a pair of nutcrackers."—Notes and Queries.

An Apt Answer.

Rubinstein once declared to some one that he was descended from one of the crusaders who accompanied Richard Cœur de Lion to Palestine. "On the piano presumably," was the smiling response.—San Francisco Argonaut.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

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Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription $2.50
Six Months 1.25
Single Copies 05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each. 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 26, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Camille."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Madeleine."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—James A. Hearne—"Shore Acres."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"The London Gaiety Girl."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"1492."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Tim Murphy and Eugene Canfield.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—"The Derby Winner."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Ship of State."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"A Railroad Ticket."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Inquirer." City—M. B. Latta has no connection with The Citizen in any capacity whatever.

"J. J. Murphy," City—Cavendish and Burke were killed in Phœnix Park, Dublin, on Saturday afternoon, May 6, 1882.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

ABUSING IRISH-AMERICANS.

Ever since Mr. Leamy ceased to be editor of our Dublin contemporary, *United*(?) *Ireland*, there has been a noticeable disposition in the columns of that journal to criticise Irish-Americans severely and, sometimes, unjustly. In its issue of Jan. 12, there appeared a severe editorial on what it calls "Irish-American Twaddle," which we consider a designation altogether too sweeping. If it had said "New York Federation Twaddle," or "Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet's Twaddle," or any other kind of "Twaddle" it would have hit the mark much nearer. It is particularly savage toward the American Irish who, with a majority of the Irish in Ireland, deserted Parnell in his hour of misfortune. We may say, in passing, that those of us who did not desert Parnell—The Citizen included—received scant recognition from his alleged Irish followers. We wanted no reward, but some show of appreciation would cost nothing, and would have done much toward strengthening the cause of the great, but unfortunate, leader in this country. He ought to have come out here himself, when we strongly suggested that course to him, instead of trying to fight a hopeless battle against prelates, priests and people, as a great majority arrayed against him, in Ireland.

Since the period of the Brass Band, and the anti-National crusade preached by Cardinal Cullen and his successor, Dr. McCabe, the power of the Catholic churchmen in Irish politics had gradually waned, until it became hardly perceptible. The priests attended strictly to their religious duties and the people loved and respected them all the more on that account. In an evil hour for himself, and for Ireland, Parnell, imitating O'Connell, asked prelates and clergy to join him in his agitation. They consented and thus once again became a power in the land. When Parnell fell into the trap set for him by a certain British statesman of the Whig pattern, in alliance with the infamous political cuckold, Capt. O'Shea, the Irish bishops, seeing that the national leader was not a Catholic, might have passed the ill-starred scandal over in silence, had they not been made political leaders by the very man they were constrained to condemn. They dreaded Gladstone and the Nonconformist conscience of that model Christian country, England.

In restoring the Irish prelacy to political power, Parnell virtually cut a rod with which to scourge himself. In fact, placed as they were, the Irish prelates were almost forced to condemn Parnell's moral turpitude, but, if the Irish people possessed the political cold-bloodedness of the English, they would simply have read the prelatical proclamation with due respect, and then followed their leader with augmented enthusiasm. This is what the English did with their aggressive monarchs and heroes—mostly moral monsters—from Edward IV, who dethroned a saint, if one ever sat upon a throne, in the person of Henry VI, to Henry VIII, who was an adulterer and a murderer, and who also was the founder of the English "non-conformist conscience." They did not desert Elizabeth, who inherited some of the worst of her horrible father's propensities. They welcomed back Charles II, whose "morals" were based on those of a billy-goat. They hailed George I with his retinue of painted, titled harlots; and they showed no horror at the debaucheries of his affectionate son, George II. They called the unutterable George IV "the first gentleman of Europe," and they erected a cloud-piercing monument to Lord Nelson, Lady Hamilton's godless sea-dog, in the heart of their metropolis—something imitated by their satraps in Dublin.

When that immaculate scion of the immaculate House of Hanover, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, comes to the British throne, he will be dutifully prayed for in the Catholic churches of Ireland every Sunday morning, if times have not changed since we, and other young "rebels," used to carefully erase from our "loyal" prayerbooks the prayers "for the Queen and all who are in high station" (the hangman for instance) and when good Father Kenyon used to give us absolution for the same with a celerity that savored of profound personal sympathy.

Those, however, were days when a genuine Irish spirit was ripe in the land, and when neither Parnellite nor anti-Parnellite had debauched the national soul, by drinking, like besotted fools as they were, the Queen of England's health at banquets supposed to be held for the glory and honor of Ireland. Well may that unhappy land cry out in her agony: "A plague—a heavy plague—light on both your houses."

The Irish-American anti-Parnellites, or Whigs, are what the Irish Parliamentary party have made them. The latter are all "loyal" gentlemen, and have been from the first. All stand for the greatness of "the Impire," and "the Impire" smiles upon them accordingly. They cried down the real Irish Nationalists of America, when it seemed to suit their purpose, and now they are having the result—their majority scullions to the British Whigs, and their minority so insignificant as to command neither respect nor influence.

BOURBON BOBBY'S GALL.

It is impossible for an impartial reader of French history to understand why the heir of the House of Orleans should lay particular claim to "the throne of his ancestors." Louis Philippe was a revolutionary sovereign who supplanted his legitimist cousin, Charles X, in 1830; and in Fubruary, 1848, he was himself kicked out of France for indulging in nearly similar political vices to those which procured the displacement of the elder line of his family. The reign of Louis Philippe was moderately respectable, up to within a few years before his dethronement; but it has left behind no traditions that would make the French people sigh for another Orleans ruler, or monarchical ruler of any kind.

Nevertheless, Robert Capet, Duc d'Orleans, by courtesy, is out with a manifesto, couched in the usual extravagant terms, and preaching of patriotism when he is contemplating, from the Cliffs of Dover, the murder of the French Republic. This young pretender assumes to believe that a Republican government in France can never be otherwise than "a provisional regime." How's this Orleans? Louis Philippe's reign lasted less than eighteen years, and the Third Republic is in its twenty-fifth year—exactly the age of the aspiring "Duke." Continuing, Duke Bob says:

"The hour is near at hand when the country will wish to return to the form of government which was the glory of its past and is the guarantee of its future. * * * Providence, in making me represent the monarchy imposes upon me a heavy heritage. But the day that my country calls me I shall find all confidence and in my devotion the force to fulfill my whole task. My life and blood will belong to France, to that France which my ancestors made great and respected. That will be the work of tomorrow. The task of today will be to overcome immediate dangers." The manifesto concludes with an appeal to the friends of the monarchy to vote for the candidate who is best able to maintain internal order, social peace and France's honor abroad. A dispatch to the London *Telegraph* from Paris says that the Royalists are especially active at Bordeaux. They have posted up portraits of the Duke of Orleans on the walls and have distributed from house to house pictures of the late Count of Paris and his son and biographical notices of the latter. The words "Vive le Duc d'Orleans," "Vive la Roi de France" were also chalked up in many places. Prince Victor Napoleon is keenly watching events from his residence in Brussels.

Several Bourbons gave their "life and blood" for France before now, but it was upon the scaffold or in the moat of Vincennes. Young Capet ought to remember Louis XVI, his own great grandfather Philip Egalite and the Duc d'Enghien. It is dangerous work for a Prince, out of a job, to go fooling around the liberties of a fiery people, who, in former days, stood on scant ceremony with royal personages. Duke Robert had better remain in England and enjoy life while he is still young and vigorous. The Orleans family did little for France, but they managed to feather their own nests luxuriously.

Victor Napoleon, grand nephew of Napoleon and son of the late Plon-Plon, who returned from the Crimea even more precipitately than the Duke of Cambridge, is the other pretender. His grandfather, Jerome, repudiated a beautiful American wife, who would have graced any court ancient or modern, for an European princess, simply because his big brother, Napoleon I, ordered him to do so. He was false to every principle of manhood and to every impulse of natural affection. In fact, he was a shabby fellow, and his son, Plon-Plon, already mentioned, was shabbier still. Now what claim has this Victor Napoleon on France? Can any halo of glory that surrounds the immortal name of the first, and only, Napoleon, blind the eyes of France to the disgrace of Sedan and the treason of Metz? The very name of Bonaparte as an imperial bait must stink in French nostrils—always, of course, excepting the great founder of the family. The French are to be congratulated on the cool and manly manner in which they received the resignation of the pusillanimous Casimer-Perier and immediately elected his successor, M. Felix Foure.

HARMFUL BIGOTRY.

Mr. Jasper Tully, member of parliament for South Leitrim and editor of the *Roscommon Herald*, at a meeting held on Derradda Hill, in the county Leitrim on Sunday, Jan. 6, said: "He had tried to get men appointed on the magisterial bench, men who would give justice and fair play to Nationalists and Catholics. He was glad to say that he had succeeded in getting for a large district of the county a majority of Catholic and Nationalist magistrates. He had got a majority at Dromod and Mohill. Now he had their friend Dr. Mulcahy appointed, making a majority of Catholic magistrates in the town of Ballinamore. That would be a little home rule in itself."

The Citizen thinks that this drawing of lines of demarcation between Protestants and Catholics in Ireland is most reprehensible, and that the language used by Mr. Tully will tend to alienate well disposed Protestants from the cause of Irish self-government. Why cannot our brethren at home do as we do here—let religion remain in the churches? Protestant Irish magistrates—unless they happen to be Orangemen, who have Catholic prototypes—are quite as likely to do justice to the people as Catholic magistrates. How would it look, if we were to make such a distinction in Chicago, for example? A majority of our judiciary, whether judges on the bench or justices of the peace, are Protestants. What Chicagoan would think of taking a change of venue on account of the judge's or justice's religion? He would be considered a fool and a bigot. Our Irish brethren had better try and imitate American conditions, and not be perpetually carrying their religion around with them as certain snails do their shells. We abhor these lay *voteens*. Let them leave religion to those who know how to preach and practice it without giving offense—the anointed servants of God.

ARTHUR M. FORRESTER.

Mr. Arthur M. Forrester, Irish Nationalist and poet, died at his residence in South Boston, Mass., on Sunday week at the early age of four-and-forty years. He was born in Ballytrain, county Monaghan, Ireland, and was compelled, owing to his father's death, to go into a printing office at the tender age of nine years. There he acquired the compositor's craft and finished his education under the tutelage of his brilliant mother, Mrs. Ellen Forrester, herself a poetess of no mean pretensions. Mr. Forrester began his literary career as a writer for the *Irish People*, under the nom de plume of "Angus," and his productions soon attracted considerable notice in the press of the Fenian period. In addition to writing stirring poetry, he composed vigorous prose, and, in the trial of O'Donovan Rossa for high treason, in December, 1865, an article written by young Forrester was quoted against the prisoner by the attorney-general. Rossa, with his usual philosophy, adopted everything written in the *Irish People*, just as Mitchel, in the preceding National struggle, refused to disclaim anything, however ultra, that appeared in the *United Irishman*.

Mr. Forrester's further career is thus sketched by the *Irish-American*:

"Mr. Forrester went to Dublin in the December of '65 to take part in an anticipated Fenian movement, and remained there until after the suspension of the habeas corpus act in the following February. In 1867 he led two circles of the Manchester Fenians in the abortive raid on Chester Castle, after which he again returned to Dublin. He was arrested on March 9, and sentenced to imprisonment for one year at hard labor for carrying arms in a 'proclaimed' district. On his release he was elected organizer and arms agent of the North of England division of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood. He was again arrested on Dec. 16, 1869, in Liverpool. After three examinations, in which he defended himself, he was discharged on bail to keep the peace for twelve months. In 1870 Mr. Forrester joined a company of Francs Tireurs, and served under Gen. D'Aurelle de Paladine and Gen. Chanzy, during the Franco-German War. At the battle of Conneret, in the series of engagements around Le Mans, on Jan. 8, 1871, he was promoted to be sous-lieutenant for saving a battery after the lieutenant and every sergeant of the company had been killed. From 1871 to 1874 Mr. Forrester served as organizer and arms agent in the Senior Council in Ulster, England and Scotland. In August of the latter year, he lost his right foot by a railroad accident. Thereafter he devoted himself to literature until 1882, when he again actively engaged in revolutionary work in Dublin. His name was frequently mentioned in the Phœnix Park trials, in connection with those of Joe Brady, Joe Mullett and Fagan. He succeeded in keeping out of custody, however, and came to the United States. In October, 1887, he became a proof reader on the Boston *Herald*, which position he retained until a short time ago. Mr. Forrester had published one volume of poems, 'Songs of the Rising Generation,' and a work of verse and prose, called 'An Irish Crazy Quilt.' He is the author of two popular lyrics sung in his native country, 'Our Land Shall Be Free,' and 'The Felons of Our Land.'"

WHERE IS CREMER?

The subject of the following paragraph, which appeared in *United Ireland* of Jan. 12, must have been lost in the trackless forests of the Island of Manhattan, or else in the swamps of Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, D.C., because in this country, up to date, nothing much has been heard of him, or his "mission"—nothing, at least, that has startled the American public:

"Mr. Cremer, a member of the English house of commons, has gone to the United States with a memorial, signed by 354 of his brother legislators, in favor of a treaty of Arbitration between England and the republic, for presentation to President Cleveland and the houses of congress. This is interesting; but it would be still more interesting if we had the names of the memorialists. Are there any Irish National ones among them? Our friends in America should make some inquiries on this head, for the matter is of some importance. It is of some importance because neither Irish Nationalists in America nor Irish Nationalists at home can favor any treaty of this kind between England and the United States so long as England refuses Ireland's National rights. At least, we should think, that is an elementary principle of Irish National policy approved by all Nationalists; except, perhaps, those who—well, in fact, those who are *not* Nationalists."

TOM MOORE'S RELIGION.

Whether or not Thomas Moore, poet, died a Catholic, which he was born, or a Protestant has been a vexed question among certain small-skulled people on both sides of the Atlantic for many years. A man's religion is emphatically his own business with God, and where he changes it for conscience sake—not for pelf or promotion—he should not be pursued with vindictiveness by cramped-brain bigots. We regret to say that the latter class of persons are not all Protestants by any means. Some of the most eminent lights of the Catholic church changed from Protestantism to the old faith and we are not aware that either the late Cardinal Newman, or his noble contemporary, Cardinal Manning was pursued by Protestant hatred for having followed the dictates of conscience. Catholics, certainly, can afford to be as liberal to such of their coreligionists as may, in a moment of weakness or doubt, change their spiritual allegiance, which, however, does not often happen. Every man of independent mind in the Catholic church is liable to be charged with heresy by a certain class of monopolistic "saints"(?) who fancy that they alone find favor, because of their pitiful narrowness, in the eyes of an omnipotent and merciful God.

Thomas Moore was a man of independent mind. He married a Protestant woman, as many other good Catholics have done, and he treated her with the respect and affection which a good husband ever extends to a good wife. He was not, perhaps, a pious man, in the technical sense of that term, but he did more for the Catholic cause in Great Britain and Ireland than any other man of his creed, not even excepting Daniel O'Connell. His bold harp vibrated through the world, and was potent in the proudest halls of Ireland's oppressors. No more tender or touching lyric was ever written than "The Irish Peasant to his Mistress," allegorical of the Irish Catholic to his church—

Cold in the earth at thy feet I'd rather be
Than wed what I love not or turn one thought from thee.

We find in the Glasgow *Observer* of recent date an article on "The Religion of Moore" which seems to set at rest the question as to whether or not he died in the faith of his fathers. The *Observer* writes in a somewhat vehement style, and some of its phrases are, to say the truth, not in the best possible vein, that is if Irish Catholics in Scotland have any regard for Protestant sensibilities, but, in justice to the journal named, we give the editorial "unabridged and unaltered":

"'Did Moore die a Protestant or Catholic?' The world answered this question long ago in its own way, but, as events have proved, the answer was of characteristic inaccuracy and uncharitableness. Who has not felt a profound regret tinged with pity or contempt when recalling the lines—

There's a grave that rises
O'er thy sward Devizes,
Where Moore lies sleeping from his land afar.

to think also the sweetest of singers should have in old age lapsed from the faith of his fathers and sunk to an apostate's grave? Thank God, it is not so. Dr. Ambrose, M.P., in an article appearing in the current issue of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, removes at once and for ever the stigma which blotted the fame of Ireland's bard. On Moore's death, in 1852, the rumor went abroad and gained currency and credence that he had died a Protestant. Resolved to investigate the matter thoroughly, Dr. Ambrose mad a pilgrimage to Devizes, and the result of his visit he embodies in the article under notice. Visiting Moore's cottage, he inquired minutely of the present occupant for tidings at first hand of the poet's last hours. Eventually he met the Protestant clergyman, who was, during the closing years of Moore's life, and up to the time of Dr. Ambrose's visit, the incumbent of the parish of Brombam, in which Moore died. This gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Edgell, was in a position to give Dr. Ambrose assurances the most absolute, and to the Doctor the most satisfactory. Moore often accompanied his wife to the door of the Protestant church, but never had he entered for service. The minister continues—'I can confidently say that he never changed his religious belief; that he died as he had lived—a Roman Catholic.' Surely no statement could be more explicit or—having regard to its source—more trustworthy. That Moore did not see a priest in his last illness is attributed to the fact that his mental debility during the two last years of his life precluded his seeing anyone but his wife. Not even a servant was admitted to his room. Dr. Ambrose has undoubtedly set at rest a most distressing fear, and the thanks of Irish Catholics the wide world over, which are his indubitable due, will be, he may rest assured, his certain portion."

FAILURE OF THE IRISH LAND ACT.

It is unfortunate that the much vaunted Irish land act of Mr. Gladstone's first "reform" administration, together with the various amendments since tacked to its tail, is no longer working in a manner satisfactory to any section of the Irish tenant farmers. It is strange that the strongest complaint against its shortcomings comes from Ulster, which, for generations before Gladstone's land act, had a hereditary tenant right of its own. Evictions are in progress all over Ireland, and Ulster has not escaped the scourge. Against landlord rapacity and injustice, the voice of both Catholic and Protestant is raised in that province, because both have felt the lash. Even the Orangemen, begin to find wisdom in John Mitchel's famous aphorism, "The Pope may be, as you assert, Antichrist, but he does not issue writs of ejectment in Ulster."

We excerpt the following from the *Irish News*, published in Belfast, of date Dec. 29:

"The leader of the landlords in Tyrone—Colonel Lowry, D.L.—made the extraordinary statement at his meeting of Tyrone landlords in Omagh that 99 out of every 100 rents in Ulster fixed by the land commission were unjust to the landlords. How, then, may it be asked, would it be possible to have, as suggested by the *Westminster Gazette*, a conference between landlords and tenants for the purpose of framing a land bill that would be practically a non-contentious measure? The tenants know to their cost that in the face of falling prices and the rising cost of labor, the rents fixed in the land courts are much too high, and nothing is more certain than that if reductions are not made there will be an agitation in Ulster, the like of which has not yet been seen. But what is to be thought of Colonel Lowry's statement, when it is admitted that the decision of the court of appeal in Adams vs Dunseath was misunderstood for a period of twelve years, that rent was charged, in error, on improvements, for which the law never gave any authority, and that, but for the Morley select committee, this fact would not have been discovered even yet? How, we should like to ask, can landlords and tenants have any hope of coming together and discussing successfully the terms of a new land bill when the one asserts that rents are 50 per cent too high and the other tells us that the decisions of the land commissioners are, in 99 per cent of the cases, confiscation of the landlord's property? It is easy to see, however, that the landlords would be averse to meeting the representatives of the tenants at the round-table conference, knowing as they do that most of the lands are under rack-rent, and that if justice be done rents must come down largely.

"If Colonel Lowry, who speaks for the landlords of Tyrone, desires to have any practical acquaintance with the views of the Tyrone tenant farmers on this question, it will be quite easy for him to have a quiet little round table conference for himself. The tenants might not object to meet him and a few of his friends, even though they might have no hope whatever of any good resulting from the meeting. There would, however, be this advantage, that the Tyrone landlords would quickly discover how far astray they are when they assert that 99 per cent of the land commission rents are unjust to the landlords. If the landlords were confident of the justice of their case they would have offered less opposition in parliament to the appointment of a land committee, and their newspapers would now show less anxiety to get a non-conventious land bill through parliament. Whatever the landlords and their newspapers may, however, do, the Ulster tenant-farmers hold the key of the situation. They have brought the question of fair rents to the front, and they can, by keeping it there, insist on a settlement, on fair terms, in spite of all the efforts now being made to to divide them."

THE BRITISH DEVIL FISH.

The English are gradually encroaching on Venezuela, in the matter of the boundary line dispute with British Guiana. The discovery of gold in the Venezulan mountains some years ago, we are informed by a Washington correspondent, caused the British government to seize and occupy a large portion of the disputed territory. Ever since then the British have been pushing their outposts to the westward until the area of British Guiana is now nearly double what was claimed by England on the early maps, and appearances indicate that her occupation is permanent. British magistrates are appointed in every mining town, military posts and fortifications are established and grants of land are awarded under the British law to settlers upon the assumption that the queen owns all the soil over which the British flag is floating.

This is not a healthy condition of affairs. Old Bayard, trembling in his shoes, is trying to arbitrate the trouble, and Gresham, in instructing him, has made some feeble references to "the Monroe doctrine"—a doctrine that is about as much regarded in Washington at present as the teachings of the Koran.

Senator Hamer's strictures on the memory of Gen. Grant, in connection with resolutions adopted by the lower house, favoring the pensioning of Gen. McClernand, were in shocking bad taste, to say the least of them. While McClernand was a good soldier, he was not remarkable for humility, and his order of congratulation to his subordinate command at Vicksburg, which invaded the privilege of his superior, Gen. Grant, was a piece of military impertinence only equalled by Marshal Bernadotte's order of congratulation to the Saxons of his corps at Wagram, where Napoleon commanded in chief. Subordinate generals have no right to boom their particular commands without the concurrence of the commanding general, and Senator Hamer knows this as well as anybody. His attack on Gen. Grant will not add to his reputation as a patriot.

Lord Randolph Churchill died in England Wednesday. He had a great opportunity to be great, but missed it. We rejoice in no man's death—unless he is an enemy of mankind. Lord Randolph was not; but he ought to have taken up the fight for Ireland and made himself immortal. For his own fame, he should have died ten years sooner.

President Cleveland has not entirely saved his bacon by sending the war ship Pennsylvania to protect American life and property in the Hawaiian Islands. It should have never left there, while any kind of trouble was brewing. Furthermore, we ought to have a strong squadron there to protect our interests, as well as our ordinary rights. A more pusillanimous state proceeding that the hauling down of the American flag in the Hawaiian group, history does not record. What a trinity of American patriots, Grover the Gross, Gresham the Grumpy and "Unnurtured Blount!" But the English have a hand in the Sandwich pie, and Grover is always tender of their feelings. We are glad the Hawaiian government was not.

Gen. Israel N. Stiles, at one time in the front rank of the legal profession in this city, died last week at the age of 62 years. He had been an invalid for many years, and suffered the loss of his sight while still in the prime of his powers. General Stiles was a gallant Union soldier during the Civil war. In politics, he was what might be called an Independent Democrat.

The chief of the bureau of statistics reports that the number of immigrants arriving in the United States during the calendar year 1894 was only 248,983, as against 486,776 during the previous year. This is the smallest number of immigrants received in the United States since 1879. The largest number of arrivals for any one year was 788,992 in 1882. The previous year the number was 669,431, and the year following (1883) 603,322. Since then there has been a gradual decrease until the number of arrivals now is down as low as it was in 1857.

Lord Aberdeen had quite an experience as a fireman in Montreal on the night of the 16th inst. The episode occurred in the National Monument hall—the largest in the city. The occasion was the presentation of historical tableaux, in which his children took part. The great hall was packed and in handing a number of bouquets to the amateur lady performers on the stage the conductor dropped the tissue paper covering, which caught fire in the footlights and flared up brightly. For a moment

there was considerable excitement, but Lord Aberdeen, who was behind the scenes, stepped forward and coolly stamped out the flames amid the tremendous cheers of those present, who, rising in their seats, gave him an ovation.

MR. PERER COFFEY, president of the Peoria City Gas Company, and one of the best known Irish-American citizens of the Northwest, died at his home in Peoria, Ill., on Saturday of last week, in the 56th year of his age. He leaves a widow but no children. Mr. Coffey was, in every particular, an exemplary man, and his death is universally regretted. We hope to give a more extended notice next week.

IT looks now as if Chicago will get the new postoffice, as the House has voted the appropriation therefor and it is certain the Senate will concur. The thanks of all our citizens are due to Mayor Hopkins, Postmaster Hesing, Melville Stone and the other gentlemen who exerted themselves to this end, and secured the co-operation of Speaker Crisp and other influential personages in Congress.

MR. MICHAEL GLEESON, for years a prominent citizen of Nenagh, county Tipperary, Ireland, died in the early part of this month at Mount St. Joseph's Monastery, Roscrea, where he had gone for a brief period of rest, as he had been suffering from overwork. The Nenagh *News* says of the deceased: During the last quarter of a century he has been well and honorably known as the senior partner of the extensive cattle dealing firm of Gleeson & Brien, Nenagh, a large number of the people of which town will long lament the loss of a devoted and self-sacrificing friend, one whose heart was ever open to the sorrowing and the needy, and whose purse strings were always loosed to assist the oppressed, let oppression come from whence it might. He was a generous supporter of every religious, charitable and national movement, while his high reputation as a man of spotless honor and integrity won him the respect and affection of those among whom he moved. He leaves a wife and young family to lament his early demise.

HON. SHELBY M. CULLOM is again elected Senator, as we predicted he would be last week. Now that he is elected, we hope a certain section of the Republican press will abstain from further abusing a faithful and able public servant. Mr. Cullom has always been a credit to his party and his country.

VICE-PRESIDENT STEVENSON and his family have the condolence of all their fellow-citizens in the great grief that has come to them through the death of Miss Mary Stevenson, eldest daughter of the Vice President, who died last week at Ashville, N.C., after a long and painful illness.

SEVENTH INFANTRY.

The drills, which have been practically suspended for the past four weeks, on account of moving into the new armory, No. 78 Michigan avenue, will be resumed as follows: Companies C and H, Tuesday, Jan. 29; B, D, and F, Thursday, Jan. 31; A, E, and G, on Friday, Feb. 1. It is expected that every member of the regiment will attend drill regularly from this on, in order that the Seventh may make a creditable showing at their next turnout, which will be on St. Patrick's Day.

There will be a reunion of the regiment at the armory on Saturday night, Feb. 2. The committee, Majors G. J. Carroll, M. E. McGrath and Lieutenant O'Donovan, promise something out of the ordinary in the way of an entertainment, and everybody who attends is assured of an enjoyable time. This reunion is for members of the regiment only.

The officers' school has been resumed; they will attend as usual on Monday nights. A school for non-commissioned officers has also been started; they will be instructed in their various duties by the sergeant-major every Monday night.

First Sergeant E. M. O'Reilly has been honorably discharged on account of leaving the State.

CANADIAN CATHOLICS PROTEST.

They Repudiate the Discourteous Language Used by Father Rossbach Toward Protestants at Sir John Thompson's Funeral.

Father Bossbach, who preached the sermon at the requiem for Sir John Thompson at St. Patrick's church in Quebec, which was attended by many Protestants as well as Catholics, might have drawn the lesson of the late Premier's conversion ty the church without being discourteous to his Protestant hearers, and stigmatizing the beliefs to which many Protestants adhere in good faith as "shams and frauds." This is not the way to promote Christian unity. Among the clergy present, with the Archbishop of Quebec, when this declaration was made, was the Right Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, of New York, who was on one of his periodical visits to Quebec, where he was educated and ordained, and where he was attached for a number of years to the spiritual ministration of the Irish Catholics of Quebec and its neighborhood. This old association, no doubt, induced the Cardinal to select Mgr. O'Reilly to reply to Father Rossbach, which he did in a most effective manner in a sermon at Silbury church. After referring to the obnoxious remarks of Father Rossbach, he said:

"What a pity that a few days ago, in dear old St. Patrick's church, a priestly voice, which should have been raised only to praise and bless the departed, should have uttered words of insult to the living, and, instead of thrilling hearers and men of different belief than ours with the recital of the statesman's and greatest citizen's meritorious deeds and Christian virtues, we should have all been shocked by an uncalled-for, untimely, unauthorized and unjustifiable denunciation of beliefs differing from ours. From this place I most solemnly declare that the words thus uttered have not only deeply wounded the Catholic community throughout Canada, but that they are repudiated by all classes of Canadian Catholics and by the Catholic clergy of every degree."—*Boston Pilot.*

THE COOLUN.

BY MARTIN M'DERMOTT.

["The Coolun" is the name of one of the most beautiful of ancient melodies; the Avonmore is the Munster Blackwater.]

The scene is beside where the Avonmore flows—
'Tis the spring of the year, and the day's near its close,
And an old woman sits with a boy on her knee—
She smiles like the evening, but he as the lea!
Her hair is as white as the flax ere it's spun—
His brow as yon tree that is hiding the sun!
Beside the bright river—
The calm, glassy river,
That's sliding and gliding all peacefully on.

"Come, granny," the boy says, "you'll sing me, I know,
The beautiful Coolun, so sweet and so low:
For I love its sweet tones more than blackbird or thrush,
Though often the tears in a shower will gush
From my eyes when I hear it. Dear granny, say why,
When my heart's full of pleasure, I sob and I cry
To hear the sweet Coolun—
The beautiful Coolun—
An angel first sang it above in the sky?"

And she sings, and he listens; but many years pass,
And the old woman sleeps 'neath the chapel-yard grass;
And a couple are seated upon the same stone,
Where the boy sat and listened so oft to the crone—
'Tis the boy—'tis the man, and he says while he sighs,
To the girl at his side with the love streaming eyes,
"Oh! sing me sweet Oonagh,
My beautiful Oonagh,
Oh! sing me the Coolun," he says and he sighs.

"That air, *Ma Stor*, brings back the days of my youth.
That flowed like the river there, sunny and smooth!
And it brings back the old woman, kindly and dear—
If her spirit, dear Oonagh, is hovering near,
'Twill glad her to hear the old melody rise
Warm, warm on the wings o' our love and our sighs—
Oh! sing me the Coolun,
The beautiful Coolun!"
Is't the dew or a tear-drop is moistening his eyes?

There's a change on the scene, far more grand, far less fair—
By the broad rolling Hudson are seated the pair;
And the dark hemlock fir waves its branches above;
As they sigh of their land, as they murmur their love;
Hush—the heart had been touched and its musical strings
Vibrate into song—'tis the Coolun she sings—
The home-sighing Coolun—
The love-breathing Coolun—
The well of all memory's deep-flowing springs.

They think of the bright stream they sat down deside,
When he was a bridegroom and she was a bride;
The pulses of youth seemed to throb in the strain—
Old faces, long vanished, looked kindly again—
Kind voices float round them, and grand hills are near,
Their feet have not touched, ah, this many a year—
And as ceases the Coolun,
The home-loving Coolun,
Not the air, but their native land faints on the ear.

Long in silence they wept, with hand clasped in hand—
Then to God sent up prayers for the far off old land;
And while grateful to him for the blessings he sent—
They know 'tis His hand that withholdeth content—
For the Exile and Christian must evermore sigh
For the home upom earth and the home in the sky—
So they sing the sweet Coolun,
The sorrowful Coolun,
That murmurs of both homes—they sing and they sigh!

Heaven bless thee, Old Bard, in whose bosom were nurst
Emotions that into such melody burst!
Be thy grave ever green!—may the softest of showers
And brightest of beams nurse its grass and its flowers—
Oft, oft be it moist with the tear-drops of love,
And many angels watch around thee, forever above!
Old bard of the Coolun,
The beautiful Coolun,
That's sobbing, like Erie, with sorrow and love!

OBITUARY.

JOSEPH P. M'KENNA.

Mr. Joseph P. McKenna, a native of Westport, county Mayo, Ireland, and well known in this city, died at the residence of his friend, Mr. P. O'Malley, No. 122 Townsend street, last Sunday, in the 40th year of his age. Previous to coming to this country, about fourteen years ago, Mr. McKenna was a member of the Irish Land League, and was one of the tried and trusted lieutenants of Michael Davitt and P. W. Nally, who died recently, a martyr to British brutality, in an Irish prison. In America, Mr. McKenna was no less true to his early principles and devoted himself unselfishly to the cause of Irish liberty. He was for a long time in the employ of the city, and, more recently, filled a county position. Always conscientious in the discharge of his duties, he won the good will of all who came in contact with him, and numbered among his personal friends many influential citizens of all parties. He died of acute pneumonia, superinduced by a weakened condition of his system, as he had not been in robust health for some years. Mr. McKenna never married, but his aged mother and one brother, still in Ireland, and two brothers in this country, survive him.

The funeral occurred on last Tuesday morning to the Cathedral of the Holy Name, where the Rev. Father Barry celebrated requiem high mass, assisted by other clergymen. Father Scanlan accompanied the funeral party to Mount Olivet cemetery, and read the final prayers for the dead, as the remains of Mr. McKenna were laid to rest in the Irish National burial lot.

There was a very large attendance at the funeral, and among those present were noticed M. J. Kelly, Frank McCoy, Daniel Gleeson, James McLaughlin, D. Coughlin, James Kennedy, Michael Kennedy, Mortimer McCormick, Thomas McCormick, John Coleman, John T. Gibbons, Henry Gibbons, Austin Gibbons, Michael O'Connor, Owen O'Malley, P. Sweeney, L. McLoughlin, D. O'Connor, Maj. L. R. Buckley, P. O'Malley, James Tobin, T. Rowan, T. Cannon, J. Cline, William Hoolihan, C. F. Clarke, William Donoghue, Thomas Murphy, John Carroll, Dennis Carroll, John McNulty, A. J. Duggan, James G. O'Malley, Michael Geraghty, Capt. P. Jeffers, John Carey, M. Linskey, John Nolan, Thomas Geraghty, Hugh Jordan, Richard Gill, Sr., John E. Long, Arthur Donoghue, Patrick Stanton, Austin Ryder, Lieut. Peter Kelly, Thos. Whelan, John O'Malley, William Curran, John Baynes, James Lyons, Patrick Madden, Patrick McGinn, Patrick Nealis Richard Gill, Jr., and a host of others.

Among those who attended the obsequies was Mr. Michael McKenna, Sioux County, Ia., a brother of the deceased. A floral harp was among the tributes sent to the house. It was presented by the Irish Nationalists. The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers: Wm. Kelly, Daniel Gleeson, John T. Gibbons, Martin Mulcahy, John McCaffrey and James O'Malley.

JAMES FRANCIS O'DONNELL.

Sincere and heartfelt sympathy is tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Michael O'Donnell, of No. 386 W. Thirteenth street, on account of the death of their son James Francis, which occurred on Jan. 13. Deceased, who was in his 5th year, had enjoyed excellent health until recently, and was naturally a robust little fellow. Some months since he was seized with a peculiar illness which developed into a dread wasting disease that baffled the efforts of medical skill. James was a particularly handsome, lovable boy and the idol of his father and mother, who mourn his loss with feelings of poignant sorrow. He was an especial favorite with friends of the family, and the bright sunshine and happiness his boyish wit and cleverness brought to the home fireside will be sadly missed by those who loved him. It would seem that the ways of Providence are inscrutable in depriving fond parents of a beautiful child of tender age. But the deep sorrow of Mr. O'Donnell and his wife will be alleviated by the consolation that their loved one is now in the hallowed kingdom of Him who died for love of mankind. An offering of lilies of the valley, sent by Mrs. H. M. Hooker of Washington boulevard, and other floral tokens of respect were placed on the casket by loving hands. The remains were placed in a vault in Calvary cemetery in the presence of a large concourse of friends. J. W. M.

THE LATE EDWARD J. SULLIVAN.

The family of Postmaster Cornelius Sullivan have the warm sympathy of the Riverside public in their deep affliction occasioned by the death of their son and brother, Edward James Sullivan, which occurred on Friday, Jan. 11, after a brief illness. Edward was a very promising and ambitious young man, who had made most excellent progress for one of his age, being but 17 years old. He graduated from the Riverside school in 1891, and for two years attended St. Ignatius college until, having passed a most creditable civil service examination, he was appointed a year ago a clerk in the Chicago postoffice by Mr. Hesing, and he had ever given general satisfaction in the performance of his duties. It was his aim to further educate himself and complete a collegiate course and thus relieve his parents from the burden of expense, there being a large family of younger children to educate. He was a boy of good, industrious habits, kind and generous, with bright prospects in life, and his premature demise is greatly to be regretted. The funeral services were conducted at St. Mary's church, Lyons, and were largely attended, considering the extremely cold weather. Rev. Father Dorney, the eloquent priest of St. Gabriel's church, Chicago, delivered a most pathetic and comforting address, after which a special train was taken by the family and accompanying friends to Calvary cemetery.—*Riverside (Ill.) Record, Jan. 12.*

Real Merit is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is manifested every day in the remarkable cures this medicine accomplishes. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the kind. Try it.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable, sure.

"THE CITIZEN" FOR 1895.

The Oldest Established Irish-American Journal of the Great Northwest.

The Faithful Champion of Irish Independence and American Liberty, Fraternity and Equality.

Handsome and Valuable Premiums Offered to Subscribers and Organizers of Clubs.

THE CITIZEN offers the following premiums to subscribers and organizers of clubs:

TO ANY SUBSCRIBER, who pays all arrears, and one year in advance and brings in two new paid up subscriptions for 1895, either of the following instructive, entertaining and valuable books:

1. "Picturesque Ireland" containing three volumes in one, and including the history, scenery, people, myths and folklore; the ancient abbeys, towers, castles and other monastic and attractive features by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. This work contains over 500 beautiful engravings, by noted artists, printed on paper made expressly for the book, bound in cloth, with black, gold and silver sides and back.

2. "Glimpses of the World," 268 full page views of places, sights and scenes all over the planet, from pictures by the celebrated traveler and lecturer John L. Stoddard, one of the most beautiful and instructive volumes ever published, 550 pages, silk cloth binding.

3. "Pictorial Wonderland of Painting and Sculpture," from the best galleries of the world, embracing over 200 superb half-tone reproductions of the most famous medieval and modern masterpieces of art; cloth binding.

4. "Webster's Dictionary" bound in sheep, or half Russia, original edition revised and enlarged. This Dictionary contains every word that Noah Webster ever defined, and 10,000 additional words, 1,708 pages and 1,500 illustrations.

5. "Scenic America, or the Beauties of the Western Hemisphere," 256 pages, half-tone pictures, with descriptions by John L. Stoddard. Bound in cloth.

6. "The Farmer's Encyclopædia," by Prof. D. Magner, the celebrated horse-tamer and trainer; a book that should be in every farmer's house, containing all about the horse, cattle, sheep, swine, dairying, bee keeping, poultry, the farm, stock diseases, home medicine, the secret of food cooking, etc., etc.; 640 pages, 600 illustrations, cloth binding.

TO ANY SUBSCRIBER, who pays all arrears and subscription in advance, and brings in one additional paid up subscriber:

1. "The White House Cook Book," the best cook book ever printed, and most valuable in every household. Bound in cloth.

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These two latter valuable household books are especially designed for the ladies.

3. "Barnum's Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles of the World," an exceedingly interesting publication, particularly adapted for students and the young; 514 pages, copiously illustrated, cloth binding.

4. "Conquering the Wilderness, or Heroes and Heroines of Pioneer Life and Adventure," by Col. Frank Triplett; 742 pages, fullustrated; cloth binding.

5. "Tennyson's Poems," a complete and beautiful edition. Cloth bound.

TO ANY SUBSCRIBER who pays all arrears and one year in advance, and who brings in one new paid up subscriber for 1895, "The Victory Watch," adapted especially for workingmen and persons with small incomes; a perfect time piece. To subscribers not in arrears who pay in advance, and bring in two new subscribers, this offer is also open.

All these offers are open for a reasonable time from the receipt of this circular, and advantage should be taken of them at once.

TERMS—The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows: Individual subscriptions, $2.50 each; club subscriptions (not less than five members), $2.00 each.

Remittances can be sent by check, postoffice order, express order, or registered mail.

Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested.

Call at THE CITIZEN office and see the splendid premiums we are offering.

Made Wales Tip His Hat.

Captain James Oliver of the clipper Louisiana, which arrived here recently, tells this story: When the Louisiana was lying at Dublin the Prince of Wales was the guest of the lord mayor of the Irish capital. The mayor suggested to Wales that it would be interesting for him to visit the Louisiana and see just what an old-time American clipper ship looked like. Capt. Oliver was notified that the prince would like to come aboard. The captain's son, hearing of this, declared that he would compel the prince to tip his hat to him. This the prince never does, by the way. When the party came aboard the boy appeared on deck waving the American flag. The prince, noticing the national colors, raised his hat and the others in the party followed suit, to the great delight of the captain's son, who in this way made good his boast.—*Philadelphia Record.*

THE RAPPAHANNOCK.*

The Rappahannock's stately tide, aglow
with sunset light,
Came sweeping down between the hills
that hemmed its gathering might;
From one side rose the Stafford slopes
and on the other shore
The Spottsylvanian meadows lay—with
oak groves scattered o'er.
Hushed were the sounds of busy day—
the brooding air was hushed,
Save for the rapid flowing stream that
chanted as it rushed
O'er mead and gently sloping hills on
either side the stream
The white tents of the soldiers caught
the sun's departing gleam
Upon the Stafford hills "The Blue"—on
Spottsylvania "Gray";
Between them, like an unsheathed sword,
the glistening river lay.

Hark! Suddenly far down the stream a
Union band sends forth
The strains of "Hail Columbia"—the
pæan of the North.
The tents are parted—silent throngs of
soldiers, worn and grim,
Stand forth upon the dusky slopes to
hear the martial hymn.
So clear and quiet was the night that to
the farthest bound
Of either camp was borne the swell of
sweet, triumphant sound.
And when the last note died away, from
distant post to post,
A shout like thunder of the tide rolled
through the federal host;
Then straightway from the other shore
there came an answering strain,
The "Bonnie Blue Flag" came floating
down the hills and o'er the plain,
And then the boys in gray sent back our
cheer across the tide,
A mighty shout that rent the air and
echoed far and wide.
"Star Spangled Banner" we replied—
they answered "Boys in Gray,"
While cheer on cheer rolled through the
dusk and faintly died away.

Deep had grown the shadows 'neath the
star-bespangled dome
When the Union band began to play the
notes of "Home, Sweet Home."
The leader's cornet played the air of the
beautiful old song,
Now loud and clear, now faintly heard,
now tremulous, now strong;
And mellow horn and deep-toned bass
in harmony unite
To bear along the melody in waves of
pure delight.
Slowly and softly breathed the chords
and utter silence fell
Upon the valley and the hills, on blue
and gray as well.
We thought of homes we'd left behind—
of loved ones far away
And all the dear familiar scenes of child-
hood's happy day;
The low-roofed farmhouse 'neath the
elm—the dear wife at the door,
The dusty sunlight as it played upon the
old barn floor.

So tender are the memories the simple
chords awake,
Our lion-hearted colonel sobbed as
though his heart would break,
While all about him brave men stand
with faces to the stars,
And tears are shed and prayers are said
upon that field of Mars.
The Southern band caught up the strain
—we brushed away a tear
And sent across that flowing stream a
soul-inspiring cheer.
Then in a mighty chorus every one who
could sing, sang:
Oh, what a glorious hymn of home across
that river rang!
The Blue and Gray together sang and
kept it up until
The last faint bugle note had passed the
distant hill;
Then to our cots of straw we stole and
dreamed the livelong night
Of home, sweet home, so far away, peace-
walled and still and white.

*Said to have been written by Capt. G. H. Chamberlain.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by the firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

A Tough Race.

Another woman of Irish birth, Mrs. McDonald, has gone to her long rest when over a hundred years old. Mrs. O'Brien, who died here last month in the 106th year of her age, was also of Irish birth. We should judge from the reports which are frequently brought to us that Ireland, known to its people as the "ould sod," must be a good country for centenarians. The real, genuine, original Irish are a tough race, and some of them seem to grow yet tougher, or tough as leather, when they come to this country. The trouble with lots of our Irish-born people is that they do not take the right kind of care of themselves, or in other words, do not mind their health. If they would mind it, and keep their eyes forninst them when they are out, so as to steer clear of the nettles, centenarians would be yet more plentiful among them.—*N. Y. Sun.*

CHARITY BALL PROCEEDS.

Report of the Treasurer of the Catholic Women's National League.

Mrs. James E. Eagle, treasurer of the Catholic Women's National League charity ball given Nov. 28, has issued a statement showing where every cent taken in went. It is as follows:

Receipts from ball tickets and donations		$3,422
Expenditures—		
Postage	$ 62	
Rent of armory	300	
Awning and wardrobe	45	
Cleaning armory and services	28	
Music and bands	292	
Engraving, printing, and invitations	114	
Programs	28	
Printing, typewriting, telegrams, stationery, etc	44	
Badges	7	
Florists	39	
Caterer	405	
Advanced and refunded League	40	
Total	$1,386	
Net proceeds	2,035	$3,452

IRVING'S GRATITUDE TO THE IRISH RACE.

Mr. Henry Irving, responding to the address, the lord mayor's speech, and the other features of a demonstration unparalleled in the history of the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, last month, said: "My lord mayor, my lords and gentlemen, the honor which you bestow is such that we, who would faln acknowledge worthily your gracious kindness, feel keenly the inadequacy of finite words to express emotions which are without bounds. Throughout my own working life the quick and subtle sympathy of your race has been to me both an incentive and a reward. Now that your university has accepted me to the brotherhood of her sons, and when your city and your nation have taken me to your hearts, I feel that the cup of a player's honor is full to the brim. The event of this evening cannot lightly pass, for our calling will be grateful to you who, abandoning the narrow traditions of the past, have extended to their art so great an honor. The sweetness of your greeting to Miss Ellen Terry is worthy of the chivalrous natures and honest lips of the countrymen of Burke and Grattan, of Sheridan, Shiel and Moore. Her many friends throughout the world will read with glad eyes so generous a commendation from the true hearts of Irish gentlemen. She herself is grateful beyond the power of expression, and asks you to accept in default of words the mute thanks of an overwhelming emotion. How can I even attempt to thank you on behalf of our art? The whole-hearted generosity of your words—representing as you do every class and section, every interest and endeavor—make for me and mine this document with its distinguished roll of names, an heirloom beyond all price. It is truly a state paper in the history of Irish amity, for it is an evidence for all time that the people of the nation which you represent stand as one before the world in the cause of artistic progress, sympathetic, generous, tolerant, helpful. We, who are the happy recipients of this wonderful tribute to the power of an art which we love, can only assure you of our undying gratitude."

MERCY HOSPITAL.

It is shown in the annual report of Mercy Hospital that 1,339 patients were received during the year 1894. There were 84 in the hospital at the beginning of the year. Of the total 796 were discharged cured, 398 were discharged improved, and 139 died. Of the fatal cases 90 were past help when brought to the hospital. There were 91 patients in the hospital at the close of the year. Of the patients 520 paid full rates, 545 part rates and 358 were charged nothing. The receipts were $90,950.14, of which $13,000 was borrowed to meet expenses.

RUDDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY.

is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. NO POSTALS ANSWERED. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere. Peter Van Schaack & Sons, Rob't Stevenson & Co.; Morrison, Plummer & Co., and Lord, Owen & Co., Wholesale Agents, Chicago, Ill.

"Body Rested, Mind at Ease."

That is what it is when traveling on the fast trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway; besides there is no chance to "kick," for the accommodations are up to date, the trains keep moving right along and get there on time. These lines thoroughly cover the territory between Chicago, La Crosse, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Aberdeen, Mitchell, Sioux Falls, Sioux City, Yankton, Council Bluffs, Omaha and Northern Michigan. All the principal cities and towns in that territory are reached by the "St. Paul" lines, connecting at St. Paul, Council Bluffs and Omaha with all lines for points in the far west. Write to F. A Miller, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill., for one of their new map time tables and a brochure giving a description of the Compartment Sleeping Cars. Tickets furnished by any coupon ticket agent in the United States and Canada. The finest dining-cars in world are run on the solid vestibuled, electric-lighted and steam-heated trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Brenner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE SCARLET TANAGER.

Witch-[illegible]
I know [illegible]
Where [illegible] swell
And the [illegible] bell
Have I [illegible]
I've trac[illegible] where the delicate grass
In homage bows [illegible]
And the rich [illegible] her red
As it treasures [illegible] softly shed.

Coy in your secret, well I know,
You are resting [illegible] I know,
With your velvety [illegible] breast,
Oh, wildwood birds [illegible]
And your singing [illegible]
My ears are deaf [illegible] throng
That vainly seek to [illegible] song
And the forest [illegible] only bright
With the rays [illegible] your rapid flight.
—J. J. H. in New York Sun.

WHAT CAME OF A KISS

A miserable, wet day—time, the year of grace 1788; scene, an old chateau in Brittany.

The young Vicomte de la Sainte Cœur was horribly bored. All the morning through he had lounged in the dim old library.

Poor Raoul, he felt himself much to be pitied in this his self imposed exile at his aunt's chateau, but certain pressing and too clamorous creditors had necessitated a hasty, not to say somewhat undignified, retreat from the festivities of the court of Marie Antoinette to the chateau de St. Jean in the heart of Brittany.

The old Marquise de Brillac, his aunt and sole remaining relative, had lived here as long as he could remember. Here, too, he had been brought up since, a little fellow of 6 years, clad in deep mourning, he had alighted from the great lumbering coach and had been conducted into the presence of a stately old lady, who kissed the poor little vicomte ceremoniously on both cheeks and told him that from now he was to consider the chateau as his home, since it had pleased "le bon Dieu" to take both his father and mother to himself.

At 22 he had started for Paris to take up his commission of captain in the king's bodyguard, a commission he had held, according to the custom of the time, since he had been 10 years old.

Fresh from his Breton home, he had plunged into all the follies of the dissipated capital, and now, four years afterward, he had come back to obtain his aunt's assistance in repairing his shattered fortunes.

That she was deeply shocked and offended he knew, but he also knew that the childless old lady dearly loved his handsome scapegrace self, womanlike, perhaps, never more so than when she had most cause for anger.

He had arrived at the chateau the previous evening, and his reception had been anything but cordial, and all this morning he had awaited an audience with his much offended relative, who had at last sent him word that she desired his presence at dinner at 4 o'clock.

"Thank God, it is almost 4!" ejaculated Raoul as, wearied and bored beyond expression, he wended his way to the apartments of the marquise, from which she rarely, if ever, stirred.

He reached the antechamber of the salon and glanced at the Dresden clock on a gilt console. Bah! It wanted ten minutes to the hour, and Raoul knew the old lady's rigid notions of etiquette and felt sure that the sin of arriving too soon for dinner was as great in her eyes as that of arriving too late.

Well, there was nothing for it but to wait the prescribed ten minutes and enter the apartments exactly on the stroke of 4. So, for the one hundredth time that day, the vicomte gazed listlessly out on the court of the chateau, wet and steaming in the never ceasing rain.

A patter of high heeled shoes, a frou frou of silken skirts, and Raoul turns from his contemplation of the dreary courtyard to encounter the daintiest little waiting maid that ever carried a dish. Her lace cap is perched coquettishly on her soft brown hair; her robe of pink silk is caught back over a petticoat of palest green, short enough to reveal her feet and ankles and her clocked stockings and crimson, high heeled shoes; her bodice, cut low, after the fashion of the day, displays a neck for roundness and whiteness a court lady might envy, while in her hands she carries a tureen of soup.

But her face—Raoul forgets all else after one glance at it—like a rose in its flowerlike tints, and lighted up by a pair of hazel eyes, which in passing flash swiftly for a moment at the handsome young vicomte of whom all the household is talking.

Raoul is seized with a sudden mad impulse. Quick as thought he springs from the window and places himself before the door of the salon in such a manner as to effectually bar all further progress of the pretty maid.

She stands irresolute, then glancing timidly at the handsome, mocking face before her:

"Will you permit me to pass, monsieur?"

"Not yet, ma belle. It is not often such a vision of loveliness gladdens my eyes. You must stay a moment and talk to me—tell me how it happens that I, who have been mewed up here nigh two days, have never discovered you before."

An angry flush crimsons the girl's fair face, to be succeeded by a sudden gleam of mischief in her eyes, as, repressing the sharp words that rise to her lips, she says again:

"Will you permit me to pass, monsieur? Mme. la Marquise is waiting for me."

But he does not quit his position in front of the door, although the little feet begin to drum impatiently, and already the clock is on the stroke of 4.

"Madam does not like to be kept waiting," she began, when Raoul interrupted her:

"Let madam wait." Then seeing a look of genuine distress on the lovely face: "Come, my fair prisoner, on one condition will I let you pass. Let me but kiss those tempting lips. Let me"—

She drew herself up with a stateliness worthy of a duchess.

"Monsieur, you mistake," she began haughtily, but Raoul's quick ear caught the sound of approaching footsteps.

She could offer no resistance, embarrassed as she was with the tureen, and before she quite realized the fact the audacious young noble had claimed his toll and actually kissed her; then, throwing open the door, stood aside, bowing to her as deeply as he would to his aunt herself.

One flash of the hazel eyes, and he heard her mutter beneath her breath:

"Some day, my fine vicomte, I will make you pay for this," and the pretty waiting maid passed into the marquise's presence, followed closely by the scapegrace Raoul.

Needless to say he won the old lady's full forgiveness before he had been five minutes at dinner. Only once he made an unlucky remark which almost imperiled his hopes.

"Madam, you have a little maid here whose face would have been a model for Greuze. Who is she?"

The old lady scrutinized him keenly with dark eyes which age had not robbed of their fire. "Raoul, remember if I find you meddling with my maids, pretty or otherwise, you may expect no further grace from me."

Raoul maintained a discreet silence and merely bowed in answer to the marquise's warning, but he mentally ejaculated, "Gad, I hope the little minx will tell no tales!"

Evidently "the little minx' did not, for two days later the vicomte started again for Paris with ample means to satisfy his creditors and continue his gay life at court, and if at first a flowerlike face and a pair of flashing eyes haunted his dreams other fair faces claimed his thoughts, and as time went on the pretty serving maid at the old chateau became a dim memory.

* * * * * *

Ten years after. Gone is the gay court, gone the beautiful queen who presided over its revels, gone all that was bright and gracious, and in its stead reigns a red capped tyranny, whose motto indeed is "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," but whose argument is chiefly the guillotine.

Surely this city of terror, through which daily rumbles a ghastly procession of tumbrils laden with victims for "la lanterne," as the guillotine is familiarly called, surely this is not Paris, the gay, the pleasure laden, the queen of cities.

Citizen Danton sits in his room busily writing.

A tall, well made man, with brown hair, unpowdered and brushed carelessly off his forehead, and a lionlike head, he is a refreshing contrast to the dandy, yellow faced Robespierre and the brutal Marat, his colleague.

A member of the national guard enters the room. Danton looks up sharply.

"What is it, citizen?"

"The Citizeness Valerie wishes to see you."

"Let the citizeness enter," he says gruffly enough, but bends his head quickly over his writing, that the man may not see the rare pleasure her coming gives him.

A moment after the citizeness enters, and from the cordiality of their greeting it is easy to see that they are old friends.

"To what lucky accident may I ascribe the visit of the adorable citizeness?" he says in the florid language so much in vogue.

The "adorable citizeness," a lovely woman of 27, who well merits the title "adorable," shrugs her shoulders and laughs.

"Still as complimentary as ever, citizen. Well, I will not waste your time in unnecessary guessing. I have come to beg a favor."

"Which is granted already, lovely one."

"Take care, citizen. I shall keep you to your word." Then, the careless gayety disappearing from her mobile features, "You have on your list of suspects the name of one Raoul, autrefois Vicomte de la Sainte Cœur. You must give him to me," this latter with a pretty air of command.

Danton's face grew grave. He took up the list. Yes; there was the name included in tomorrow's list for the guillotine.

He glanced keenly at the fair petitioner. She caught the glance and understood it perfectly.

"Have no fear, citizen. It is but to repay a long cherished vengeance, of which his death will deprive me, that I beg his life."

Danton took up his pen irresolutely, and Citizeness Valerie's eyes gleamed with a quick flash of triumph. She had won.

"What would you have me do, citizeness?"

"Strike out his name from the list, send an order for his release, together with a private note telling at whose intercession he had been released. He will, without doubt, come to thank me tomorrow, and then, ah, then we shall see!" and her brilliant hazel eyes flashed with an ominous light that bodes ill for the unlucky vicomte.

Danton smiles grimly as he writes the order and draws the pen through Raoul's name on the list.

"Citizeness, excuse a somewhat worn simile, but you women are uncommonly like cats and treat us poor men very much as that interesting feline animal treats a mouse.

"To a man the idea that one's enemy was about to be executed would be ample revenge; but, no, you must have the unfortunate wretch in your power, to tease and worry, to alternately torment and coax, until your sense of wrong is satisfied. Excuse the dissertation," he added, handing her the order, "nevertheless you must acknowledge its truth."

An odd smile curled the lips of the beautiful woman as she rose to make her adieu.

"Citizen, I cannot thank you sufficiently. Only know that this morning you have placed in my hands a revenge for which I have waited ten long years. Whether you will admire the manner in which I pursue it is another question, but of this rest assured—of all the many favors you have bestowed on me during the years you have known me you have conferred no greater than this boon."

A smile, a rustle of silk, and the next moment she was gone, leaving behind her a subtle perfume of roses, which seemed strangely out of place in an arch republican's room, and glancing down Danton saw lying on the floor a little lace handkerchief.

He took it carefully in his great hands—how small and dainty it seemed to him!—smoothed it carefully now; then, looking round as if he expected to see her return and claim it, he placed it with tender care in an inner pocket in the breast of his coat. And for a moment on his rugged face there shone that wondrous light that "never was on land or sea," for dearer even than she guessed was the Citizeness Valerie to this man who held in his hands the fate of France.

Who was the Citizeness Valerie? The Citizeness Valerie was a beautiful actress, whom all Paris raved about, and whose beauty and sparkling wit drew crowds to the theater, in spite of the grim terror reigning supreme. No one knew anything about her. No one ever heard of her until, two years ago, she had risen suddenly on the dramatic horizon a star of the first magnitude.

The wildest stories were told of her. Some said she was a young aristocrat who had lost all her kindred by the guillotine, others that she was a true daughter of the people and had been seen with the women who had sacked Versailles. Be it as it may, however, aristocrat and democrat alike agreed in worshiping at her shrine, and over all her power seemed illimitable.

Danton perhaps could have told more about her than most people, but Dantor when questioned on the subject was undeniably grim, and Danton when grim was a lion to be approached with utmost delicacy and care.

* * * * * *

Raoul, ci devant Vicomte de la Sainte Cœur, could hardly credit his good fortune.

Here on the very day when, according to his forecast of events yesterday, he should have yielded up his head to the republic, he was a free man, free to go whither he listed, and where indeed should he go but to the woman who for some unknown reason was sufficiently interested in him to preserve his head, for the present, on his shoulders?

He had aged considerably since, ten years ago, he sought refuge in the old Chateau de Jean. Was it only ten? To Raoul it seemed nigh a hundred. Somehow, as he walked slowly in the direction of the Citizeness Valerie's house, his thoughts dwelt on that visit of ten years ago.

Poor old marquise! Lucky for her she died before all these troubles fell so thick upon "la belle France" and left all her wealth, which was not inconsiderable, to her much loved nephew Raoul.

Not much of that wealth remains, he thinks grimly, save the old chateau in Brittany, which has escaped the general destruction of the chateaux owing to the pious memory in which the late Marquise de Brilliac is still held by high and low for miles around.

But her nephew dare not claim his own, and he is on his way to thank this woman who has thought fit to save his worthless life. That done, he will raise what money he can by the sale of a few jewels that yet remain to him; then he will take ship to England, there to await the dawning of better times.

For two years' struggle against republican troops in La Vendee has convinced him of the hopelessness of the Bourbon cause, and he sees plainly that the red tide of revolution that sweeps over France is not stemmed by a band of nobles, however devoted they and theirs may be to that cause.

His reflections have brought him to the house of the Citizeness Valerie, where he is evidently expected, for no sooner has he given his name than a groom of the chambers in rich livery comes forward to conduct him to the salon where the citizeness will receive him.

Raoul gazes curiously on the unmistakable signs of wealth that meet his eye—the costly furniture, the pictures, the rich liveries of the servants. Verily, he thinks, this actress lives as well as, ten years ago, did a princess of the royal blood.

The servant conducts him to a spacious apartment furnished with all the extravagance of the period and informs him that the citizeness will receive him without delay.

Left alone, unconsciously Raoul's thoughts fall back into the train in which they ran during his walk thither.

Once more he goes back to that dreary afternoon ten years ago, and before him rises, as many a time it has risen, a lovely, flowerlike face and angry, flashing hazel eyes. He puts the vision from him with a bitter laugh. Surely his troubles have turned his brain that the face of a pretty waiting maid should so haunt him. Then comes the uneasy doubt that has often perplexed him before. What if, after all, she were no serving maid, but one of his own rank? Bah! It all happened ten years ago, and a kiss is no such crime, after all.

The door opens, and he goes forward to meet the Citizeness Valerie, who enters.

Clad in a pale pink gown of some soft, clinging material, she looks her loveliest today, but Raoul starts back, for surely those hazel eyes and that soft brown hair are the same which have so often haunted his dreams. The roundness of the girlish face, the slenderness of the girlish figure, are gone, but save that her beauty has blossomed into a glorious maturity there stands before him the little maid of the chateau.

She sees his start and smiles.

"I fear I have disturbed your meditations, monsieur." She drops the republican "citizen" in speaking to this aristocrat.

"I have been so long exiled in La Vendee that the glory of the goddess of Paris somewhat dazzled me," he said, bowing low over the white hand she holds out to him.

She flushes, but whether in pleasure or anger he cannot tell.

"Madame, let me convey to you my sincerest thanks for having deigned to intercede for my worthless life," continues Raoul, half unconscious, but holding the little white hand in his own, browned and hardened by sun and exposure.

She draws it away quickly, and her face pales and crimsons again with some sudden emotion.

"The poor actress, Valerie, should deem herself too highly honored if she be in any way instrumental in saving the life of a Sainte Cœur," she begins bitterly, then suddenly stops as she meets the eyes of the vicomte fixed reproachfully on her.

"Nay, madame. Do not undervalue your own gift. What you have done for me today has rendered me your slave forever."

A gleam of the old merriment flashes in Valerie's eyes. Quick as thought she decides how to act.

"No more thanks, monsieur. I take you at your word and enroll you as 'my slave forever.' Is it not so?

"No more fair mistress ever owned a more willing slave," he responds eagerly, for this woman has set his heart beating and his pulse dancing as no one has ever done before.

"One boon only I crave," he continues—"that is the name of the fair lady I serve."

For an instant a shade passes over the face of the actress, but only for an instant. With a gay laugh she says: "I am the Countess Valerie to all now. Once, long ago, I was"— Then, noting his eager anxiety, she interrupts herself and cries gayly: "Come, monsieur. I want your help in a little comedy I am rehearsing. Perhaps, after that is given, I will tell you who I once was," and she adds in a lower tone, as if addressing herself, "if you will not already have remembered it."

"I am your slave in everything," says Raoul, thinking what a mercurial woman this actress is—so rapid and withal so charming are her transitions from grave to gay.

She laughs an odd little laugh which has a ring of mockery in its tones.

"The scene of the comedy is laid in an old chateau; the time, ten years ago; the dramatic personæ—well, for convenience, we will say, you and I." Raoul felt his heart beat with a strange sense of expectancy.

"You will have no need to change your characters," she goes on. "You are a young noble on a short visit to the chateau and bored to death with dullness. I—well, am a waiting maid, or perhaps I should say a young friend of the old marquise—(did I tell you the chateau belonged to an old marquise?)—who, out of sheer ennui, masqueraded as her waiting maid. Her name—let us say her name is Valerie le Clerc, though perhaps the name makes no great difference. Let us suppose this corner of the room to be the antechamber to madame's salon. Enter the young noble." She speaks quickly, trembling with excitement, and Raoul catches the fever of her words, for back from the dim memories of long ago comes this odd comedy, the first act of which was played out ten years ago.

"Yes," he says, "I know this scene. Enter myself, and, shortly afterward, enter the so called waiting maid, with a tureen in her hands, so, madame," catching up a piece of porcelain from a neighboring table and placing it in Valerie's hands.

Then, throwing himself before the door with all his old easy grace, he looks at her with the fire of a fierce, newly awakened love burning in his eyes.

Slowly a ripple of laughter breaks from her as she raises her hazel eyes to his brown ones. "Well, monsieur, as you know this comedy so well, what then?"

What does Raoul see in their changeful depths, that, heedless of the delicate porcelain she holds, he springs forward and catches her in his arms, forgetful of all that has passed in these ten years, kisses her, not once, but again and again.

Valerie does not seem displeased at such a proceeding, nor does she seek to free herself from the prison of his strong embrace. Only a few minutes afterward she says:

"Ah, M. le Vicomte de la Sainte Cœur, ten years ago I told you I would be revenged! I have made your noble self fall in love with the actress, the Citizeness Valerie. I have given you 'tit for tat.'"

For answer he holds the slender figure closer in his arms and gazes with untold love at the lovely, laughing face upturned to his.

"You have made me fall in love with the noblest woman this earth possesses," he says passionately, and Valerie is silent, for at last her vengeance is complete.—San Francisco Examiner.

Edison's Start.

Those who knew him when he was a young man would have laughed one to scorn who should have predicted that the time would ever come when he would have as much as a quarter of a dollar which he might call his own. The trouble was not that he was without capacity to earn. He had no difficulty in securing remunerative employments, but in his youthful days his savings went for books and instruments and for the relief of impecunious and ofttimes undeserving associates, and he always was in debt and always wore shabby clothes. When he came to New York in his twenty-second year, he was as poor as a church mouse. He wandered about the city for three weeks seeking employment, and we are told that in this time he actually suffered more than once the pangs of hunger. He chanced one day to enter the office of Laws' Gold Reporting company just at the time when the stock quotation printer in the central office was in a state of collapse. "I think, Mr. Laws," he said, "I can show you where the trouble lies." And he was as good as his word. He began to draw a salary of $300 a month the following day.—New York Ledger.

DID GRANT A SERVICE

MR. HALL'S ACCOUNT OF AN UNPUBLISHED WAR INCIDENT.

Had a Certain Telegraphic Message Not Been Intercepted Grant Might Not Have Won Fame—Interesting Correspondence Never Before Made Public.

In the history of the rebellion many thrilling incidents have been omitted which would be read with the deepest interest. The war in the beginning was considered by the English as the beginning of the end of the American republic, by Von Moltke as a mere rabble, a riot, which would be insignificant in its results. Yet it proved to be one of the mightiest convulsions in military history, through which the art of war arrived at a higher state of perfection than ever before.

The telegraph became one of the most powerful weapons of the war department, and all Europe copied it. Men were brought into prominence from obscurity and honored with the highest gifts the country could bestow.

Among those most conspicuous was General U. S. Grant. Numerous factions sprang up in opposition to his steady progress, and General Grant, in his memoirs of this time, says many were clamoring for his removal. Even the telegraph was utilized to further the work of opposition, and had not the manager of the Commercial Telegraph offices in Cairo, Ills., assumed the responsibility of intercepting a paid message to a prominent judge and a member of congress in Washington the name of Ulysses S. Grant might have been unknown to history.

In view of substantiating this fact, correspondence never before published will be read with interest:

CAIRO, Ills., April 3, 1863.

Major General U. S. Grant, Commanding Department Tennessee:

SIR—As one loyal to the government and holding the position as manager of the Commercial Telegraph offices of Cairo, I feel it always my duty to arrest anything contraband that may pass through my office, feeling that I shall be both justified and upheld by the government and my country.

With this consideration I have taken upon myself the responsibility of stopping a message, destined for Washington, originating at Paducah, Ky., a copy of which I inclose you, believing it to be contraband from the fact that from its tone he who sends it and perhaps others are working against if not to the injury of the commander of the department. Yesterday (April 2) I consulted Colonel Hill, Thirty-fifth Iowa, a man of good, sound sense, and he justifies my holding the message. This morning I met Major General Hamilton, and he fully approves my course in the matter and advises me to inclose copy of message to you with full particulars and await your instructions.

What led me to notice it was the operator at Paducah informed me he had a private cipher message, not military cipher, which he wanted me to receive and forward to Washington. I refused to receive it in cipher, as none but government messages in time of war are allowed to go by telegraph in cipher.

He then sent it to me in full, as herein inclosed, and although it was approved by the commander of the post at Paducah I still, upon my own responsibility, would not allow it to go through until I had consulted some military men of high authority. I have done so, received their advice and am acting accordingly.

I am now awaiting your instructions, believing you will uphold me in my position in the matter. With the highest respect and esteem I am, sir, your obedient servant,

W. H. HALL,
Manager Commercial Telegraph Offices, Cairo, Ills. Mailed April 4, 1863.

Here is a copy of the dispatch:

PADUCAH, April 2, 1863.

To Judge Green Adams or Hon. S. L. Casey, M C., Washington:

I got here last night, and, greatly to my surprise, found bills had been struck calling a district convention. I suppressed it for a time at least until Casey could get things fixed up at Washington and then return home at once. We must have our policy foreshadowed before a convention is held.

This department must at once be taken from under General Grant. His every act has been in sympathy with Trimble, Duke & Co. Make Casey's district a separate one and give Colonel Dougherty full control over it. Captain Henry Bartling, Company I, Second Illinois cavalry, who has been here for six months, is a great favorite with Casey's friends, has been ordered off to Vicksburg. Have an order to have him transferred back to this department immediately. I wrote you at length yesterday. Do your part, and we will be certain to do ours.

J. T. BOLINGER.

Approved, H. Dougherty, Colonel Commanding Post.

Check 147—5.98 and 27.06 paid.

This dangerous document once in possession of General Grant, he immediately replied to.

Here is what the general wrote in answer:

MILLIKEN'S BEND, La., April 9, 1863.

W. H. Hall, Esq., Manager Commercial Telegraph Cairo, Ills.:

SIR—Your letter of the 3d inst., inclosing a telegraph from J. T. Bolinger to Judge Green Adams or S. L. Casey, Washington, is just this moment received. I hasten to answer it and to express my approval of the course pursued by you.

You have my hearty thanks for your prompt and decisive action in this matter, notwithstanding the approval of the commanding officer at Paducah to the dispatch. Truly yours,

U. S. GRANT, Major General.

No further trouble emanated from that quarter. A silent but speedy change was effected in Paducah. General Grant's firm determination to do his duty crowned him with success, and soon after the fall of Vicksburg he was called to the command of the Army of the Potomac.—W. H. Hall in New York Herald.

Advantages of Education.

Little Brother—What you studyin so hard?

Little Sister—Synonyms.

Little Brother—What's them?

Little Sister—All sorts o' words that mean the same thing.

Little Brother—What good is they? One word ought to be enough.

Little Sister—Huh! Wait till you get into society. Yesterday Mrs. Newcomer showed me a picture of a baby, and I said it was sweet and lovely and cunning and cute, and I don't know what all. After that she said that wasn't her baby, but somebody else's. Then she showed me a picture of her own baby. And then I had to think up a lot more nice words so she wouldn't feel 'fended. If I hadn't studied synonyms, I'd 'a' jus' died.—Good News.

Out of 4,000 workers in the sulphur mines in Sicily who were examined for the army not 200 could pass muster, which stamps the occupation as the most unhealthful known.

DECALOGUE FOR ANIMALS.

Ten Rules Adopted by the Royal Society For the Prevention of Cruelty.

First.—No one has a right to keep animals, either for use or pleasure, unless he is able and willing to provide them with whatever is necessary for their health and happiness. No animal can be healthy or happy unless it is kindly treated, comfortably lodged, regularly fed, supplied with water and afforded opportunities of recreation.

Second.—Kind and gentle treatment is due to all animals and need not interfere with firmness in governing them. Animals are often thought to be ill tempered or obstinate when they are really suffering from some pain or irritation the cause of which is not seen, but which may be soothed by patience and quietness. If you try to find out what is the matter with an animal before you punish him, you will probably find that there is no reason to punish him. Be careful to remove anything that causes fear. Animal are often terrified by things that men hardly observe. If they are punished, their terror is only increased. Nothing will quiet them so soon as gentle talk and caressing. Kindness will win the confidence of any animal, and an animal which confides in its keeper is easily managed. If you want your horse to work well, take good care that his harness does not chafe him.

Third.—All animals require sunshine, and their dwellings should have a southerly or westerly aspect if possible, but they should always have access to shade when they desire it. Stables, sheds, coops and cages should be well drained, well lighted and well ventilated, but never drafty. Different animals require different temperatures. A humane owner will prevent much suffering by learning the degree of heat and cold which the animal is enabled by nature or habit to endure. Every stable yard, cage, kennel and bed should be kept thoroughly clean.

Fourth.—Every animal should have as much solid food daily as it will eat up clean, but no more than it will consume. Stale food is unwholesome. It should be removed early in the morning and replaced by a fresh supply. Nocturnal animals should be fed at sunset. Be careful to give all animals as much variety of food as possible and let it be as nearly as possible the food which the animal would use in a state of nature. Animals which are regularly fed on grain ought to have frequent supplies of green food.

Fifth.—Every animal should have an abundant supply of pure water for drinking. Vessels used for food or water should be washed daily and should be wiped dry before refilling. Iron troughs or plates lined with porcelain are the best, being clean, cheap and durable.

Sixth.—Bathing is necessary to the health and comfort of many animals. Cage birds ought to be allowed to bathe daily, and a separate vessel, adapted to their size, should be supplied for that purpose. Some birds delight in dust baths. A working horse should be allowed every day to roll on the grass, or better, perhaps, on sawdust.

Seventh.—Animals as well as men are happier and better for reasonable recreation. Whenever it is possible they should have it. The horse should be allowed an opportunity to run at large. Dogs, especially in cities, should be taken out to run freely. Even cage birds are immensely pleased if they are allowed to leave the cage for an hour or so every day.

Eighth.—When an animal is sick, see that it is kept quiet and unmolested, and that its treatment is unusually gentle.

Ninth.—When it is certain that an animal will die, always secure the services of a humane and experienced person to destroy it in the quickest and least painful way, and when it dies never fail to bury it at once.

Tenth.—Try to make the world as happy a world as possible for any creature in your charge.

The "Great Swallower."

As a swallower of objects larger than his own diameter the boa is nowhere in comparison with the Chiasmodon niger, or great swallower, a species of deep water fish which is in several respects the most wonderful representative of the finny tribe.

In his natural state (the condition in which he is found before dining would probably more correctly express the meaning intended here) chiasmodon has a body remarkably elongated for a fish of his size and is of nearly uniform thickness from head to tail. The voracious creature pays no attention to the size of its prey when he starts on a foraging expedition and is just as likely to seize upon a fish of a dozen times his own bulk and weight as any other kind. His jaws are very long, and, like those of some species of serpents, which feed upon prey of a greater diameter than themselves, are without base hinges. His manner of feeding is to seize a fish by the tail and work his mouth, which is studded with sharp teeth pointing backward, over his victim's body. The "great swallower" is well named, for he has been found with fish in his maw which were twleve times as bulky and weighty as himself. His rapacity often causes his death, the gas formed by the process of digestion making a balloon of his body and allowing it to rise to the surface. Those well up in piscatorial lore say his natural habitat is 1,500 feet below the surface. This being the case, rising to the surface is almost certain to cause his gasbag of a stomach to burst, with fatal results.—St. Louis Republic.

Seven Meals a Day.

Max O'Rell says that the Australians eat seven times a day. Tea and bread and butter at 7, breakfast at 8:30, lunch at 11, dinner at 1:30, tea at 3, supper at 6 and a nightcap at 10. Tea is the standard drink, and there are few hours in the day when the teapot is not brought into requisition. The only people who can compare with the Australians in drinking tea are the Irish, who keep the teapot boiling on the stove all day long.

BRAVE AND TENDER.

One Gallant English Soldier's Tribute to Another's Courage.

Though all our officers in the Crimea were brave, it was Captain Peel who inspired his followers with a part of his own nature, writes Sir Evelyn Wood. He exemplified the American poet's hero:

The bravest are the tenderest.
The loving are the daring.

This man, who never quailed, felt acutely every shot and shell which passed near him, but the only outward effect was to make him throw up his head and square his shoulders, yet his nervous system was so highly strung that even a flesh wound became dangerous in his case. In 1851, while crossing the Nubian desert from Korosko to Abu Hamed, where Colonel Stewart and his companions, sent down by Colonel Gordon, were treacherously slain in 1884, Peel dismounted from his camel to give water from his store to a dying bird. To this tender hearted man it appeared that our blue jackets should be encouraged to stand up to their guns like men, and he asked four of us—two Diamond's and two Queen's—to set the example in the battery by always walking erect and without undue haste.

Next day he, to my knowledge, although I did not see it, gave us a grand example. A shell weighing 42 pounds came through the parapet and rolled into the center of a small group of men, who threw themselves flat on the ground, which would not, however, have saved those nearest, for there were several boxes of powder on the ground, then being passed into the magazine. Peel, stooping down, lifted the shell, and, resting it on his breast, carried it back to the parapet, and, stepping on to the banquette, rolled the shell over the superior crest, on which it immediately burst.

The following day I had been relieved and was eating my ration—salt pork and biscuit—on one side of a gun when a shell burst on the top of the magazine on the other side of the gun. It created some trepidation, although the danger of the powder exploding was remote, unless another shell fell on the roof. The officer excitedly shouted to the senior lieutenant, "Shell burst in the magazine, sir!" Now, Ridge, first lieutenant her majesty's ship Diamond, was as brave as he was efficient and responded without concern, "Aye, aye, put it out!" but the shouts were repeated, and I was eventually obliged to abandon my dinner to stamp out the burning bags and fill up the crater made by the explosion.

While so engaged I felt some one alongside, helping me, but did not look up, for, with shells striking the parapet on either side, the position was not one in which I was inclined to linger, and thus did not notice it was Captain Peel till the work was done, when he ordered me down. This was the beginning of a friendship which lasted till his death at Lucknow in 1858.

Satire In Ancient Egypt.

M. Ollivier Beauregard, a well known, sagacious and patient Egyptologist, has, a Paris correspondent says, published a work which shows that the ancient Egyptians were not impassable, as they are reputed to have been. It is on Egyptian satires. One of his documents is a papyrus of the time of Rameses II. It is a censure in the lampoon style of the profane conduct of that king. Somebody wrote a counterblast in his defense, which M. Ollivier Beauregard also possesses. It is written in the same tone and meets satire with satire. There is on a third papyrus an attack on the priests, which for the liveliness of its style and the merciilessness of its irony affords a parallel to certain articles in the "Dictionnaire Philosophique." One of M. Ollivier Beauregard's antique documents is a satire on the vices of Cleopatra and her disorderly life. A more modern papyrus is an ironical exhortation to all good Egyptians to pay cheerfully the taxes assessed by their foreign dynasty. The advantages of having rulers belonging to a higher civilization are pointed out in an apologue resembling that of Menenius Agrippa.

These Wonderful Thespians.

If ever I become a divorcee, I wonder how I should feel on meeting my former husband!

I strolled down Broadway the other afternoon behind a handsome, large eyed young actress who recently obtained a divorce from her spouse, a dashing light comedian who has twice essayed a "flier" around the matrimonial track.

When near Twenty-third street, lo! the form of the aforesaid actor loomed up, coming in our direction.

I don't know how the sight of him affected her, but I felt my face flushing with excitement and expectation.

Nearer and nearer.

Will there be a scene?

Now they are almost abreast!

He lifted his gray Alpine hat with debonair grace and smiles sweetly.

"How de do, Lizzie?"

"How are you, Frank?"

And they calmly pursue the "even tenor" of their way!

These Thespians are wonderful people.—New York Recorder.

An Abusive Wife.

The famous Dr. Andrew Bell had a wife who, after exhausting all her ingenuity in making him miserable, finally left him. She then began writing him long letters filled with personal abuse, and when she found he did not take the trouble to open them took to abusing him on the envelope. One she addressed, "To that supreme of rogues, who looks the hangdog that he is, Doctor (such a doctor!) Andrew Bell." Another was thus pleasingly inscribed: "To that ape of apes and knave of knaves, Dr. Andrew Bell, who is recorded to have once paid a debt, but a small one you may be sure it was that he selected for this wonderful experiment—in fact, it was fourpence ha'penny. Had it been on the other side of sixpence he must have died before he could achieve so dreadful a sacrifice."

SEE NO JOKE IN CORRUPTION.

English People Unable to Understand the Apathy of Americans.

The delight of being a nation, and a very big nation at that, has not yet with us lost all the charm of novelty, and we pelt one another with ridicule after the joyously aggressive fashion of schoolboys pelting one another with snowballs. Already there is a vast array of seasoned and recognized jokes which are leveled against every city in the land. The culture of Boston, the slowness of Philadelphia, the ostentation of New York, the arrogance and ambition of Chicago, the mutual jealousy of Minneapolis and St. Paul—these are themes of which the American satirist never wearies; these are characteristics which he has striven, with some degree of success, to make clear to the rest of mankind. Add to them our less justifiable diversion at official corruption and mismanagement, our glee over the blunders and rascalities of the men whom we permit to govern us, and we have the curious combination of keenness and apathy, of penetration and indifference, which makes possible American humor.

Now, Englishmen, however prone to laugh at their own foibles, do not, as a rule, take their own politics lightly. Those whom I have known were most depressingly serious when discussing the situation with friends and most disagreeably violent when by chance they met an opponent. Neither do they see anything funny in being robbed by corporations, but, with discouraging and unhumorous tenacity, exact payment of the last farthing of debt, fulfillment of the last clause in a charter. Our lenity in such matters is a trait which they fail to understand and are disinclined to envy. One of the most amusing scenes I ever witnessed was an altercation between an exceedingly clever English woman, who for years has taken a lively part in public measures, and a country woman of my own, deeply imbued with that gentle pessimism which insures contentment and bars reform. The subject under discussion was the street car service of Philadelphia, which would have been primitive for Asia Minor, and the English woman was expressing in no measured terms her amazement at such comprehensive and unqualified inefficiency.

In vain my American friend explained to her that this car service was one of the most diverting things about our Quaker City; that it represented one of those humorous details which gave Philadelphia its distinctly local color. The English woman declined to be amused. "I do not understand you in the least," she said gravely. "You have a beautiful city, of which you should be proud. You have disgraceful streets and trams, of which you should be ashamed. Yet you ridicule your city as if you were ashamed of that and defend your trams as if you were proud of them. If you think it funny to be imposed on, you will never be at a loss for a joke."—Cosy Hours.

Impromptu Maps.

The "cat" and the "pig" books, designed to record people's impressions of those interesting animals, each person to draw his own without being allowed a glimpse of any one else's work, has an amusing companion in a geography sketchbook. In this one's friends are to record, in a rapid, offhand drawing, their best recollections of certain very familiar outlines, such as the coast of Massachusetts or Italy or England or North America. To be even fairly correct is difficult and rare if one is long past daily geography lessons. The five great lakes of North America is one of the best tasks to set, this to be drawn in outline with at least the larger bays and connections indicated, all to be done without seeing, first, any other sketch or map. A correct map should accompany the book for easy reference and comparison with the amateur work. The curiously vague, droll mental maps that one's friends carry about with them, thus revealed, are funnier than even the sea serpent's portraits in the "Sea Serpent; His Album." I have known more than one person to stop short at a mere "round O" for the first lake which seemed to lead nowhere, the other four having neither shape nor substance in the puzzled artist's vision.—Philadelphia Times.

A Generous Miser.

A great many years ago there resided in Marseilles an old man named Guyot. He was known to every inhabitant, and every urchin in the street could point him out as a niggard in his dealings and a wretch of the utmost penury in his habits of life. From his boyhood this old man had lived in the city of Marseilles, and although the people treated him with scorn and hatred nothing would induce him to leave it.

When he walked the street, he was followed by a crowd of hooting boys, who often threw stones and mud at him. There was no one to speak a kind word in his favor. He was regarded by all as an avaricious old miser whose life was devoted to hoarding up gold. At last the old man died, and it was found that he had lain up a great fortune. He left a will which read: "Having observed from my infancy that the poor of Marseilles are ill supplied with water, which can only be procured at a great price, I have cheerfully labored the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing, and I direct that the whole of my property shall be expended in building an aqueduct for their use."—Philadelphia Press.

Life In India.

Missionary work among "India's coral strands" may be very inspiring, but Miss Coombs, a Maine woman who has been engaged in the work for 11 years, says there are times when that is not its most prominent feature. Lights are kept burning all night because of the too social habits of centipeds, scorpions and cobras. Snakes live in the walls of old houses as rats do here, and at night they come out and prowl around. Altogether animal nature seems rather lively to the foreign missionaries.

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Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; T F Monahan, V P; Thomas H Donohoe, R S, 117 E Erie st; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 10—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 3020 Dryer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasso st; Peter Some, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 495 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meets in Anchor hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

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Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4325 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 25th place and Canal st.

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St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 277 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Peter Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at Noble and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 1661 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Nic Schmitzschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

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St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 3 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauer, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

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St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Firday at 5500 Wentworth av.

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McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 252 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.

GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS. HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.

OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH. HUNTING CASE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.

OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

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No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

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14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

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